# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 224. Vol. XXXVIII. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. MAY, 1910. Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

## CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES ... ... ... 53

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS ... ... ... 58

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 59

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY—

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. By Ashley Gibson ... ... ... ... 61

THE READER—

Gilbert Keith Chesterton. By Henry Murray ... ... 63

An Early Letter of Coleridge. By W. E. A. Axon ... ... ... 69

The Reformation in Scotland. By Dr. Hay Fleming ... ... 71

Some Modern Pictures ... ... 73

NEW BOOKS—

Sterne. By Prof. G. Saintsbury 78

The Natural Poet. By Edward Thomas ... ... ... ... 80

Tinseland Gold. By F. G. Bettany 81

The Painter's Craft. By Arthur Lewis ... ... ... ... 81

Home. By M. H. H. Macartney 82

Blue-Stockings ... ... ... 83

Lord Lytton... ... ... ... 83

The Light Fantastic. By J. E. Patterson ... ... ... 84

Thackeray. By Lewis Melville 85

The Way we Live Now ... ... 85

The Herkomers. By Prof. John Adams ... ... ... ... 86

An Oxford Novelist ... ... 87

Books and Life. By A. St. J. A... 88

Six Singers. By Alfred Hyatt 88

Herrick. By Laurie Magnus... 90

NOVEL NOTES—

Betty Carew—Out of the Night—Downward—The Human Cobweb—Live Men's Shoes—Eve in Earnest—Jolly in Germany—Outland — Quaker Robins — Light-Fingered Gentry — The Goddess Girl—In the Wake of the Green Banner—Under the Thatch—Scarlet Kiss—Margaret Holroyd—The Lantern of Luck 90-4

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Songs of the Army of the Night—The Court of William III.—On Fads ... ... ... ...94-5

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 96

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 96

### NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## News Notes.

The news of Mark Twain's death last month was received with deep and wide-spread regret among all English-speaking peoples. For years past he has been the most outstanding and representative literary figure in America, and ample evidence was given of the affection and esteem that was felt for him in this country during his visit to us in 1907. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his other books, there is no doubt that in "Tom Sawyer" and in "Huckleberry Finn" he has done work that will endure. But we shall attempt no detailed estimate of him at this moment. We are publishing next month a Mark Twain number of The Bookman, and shall hope there to do justice to the personality and the writings of America's greatest humorist. Among the special articles in the June number will be one on "The Humour of Mark Twain," by Barry Pain.

---

The April Bookman, a special Maeterlinck Number, has brought us a very charmingly appreciative note from M. Maeterlinck, of which the following is a translation: "I thank you with all my heart for the very remarkable and complete number which you have devoted to me. It will remain one of the most precious and most artistic souvenirs of my literary life. I have personally thanked my old friend Alfred Sutro for his share in the production. Will you be good enough to pass on the expression of my gratitude to those who, following him, have spoken with so much kindliness of my work; especially to Mr. Holbrook Jackson, whose study is one of the most accurate and most penetrating which have been written about me; and to Miss Jane T. Stoddart, of whom I have preserved so pleasant a memory, and who has spoken with such friendly competence of the least known part of my writings."

---

"The Blue Bird" continues its triumphant career at the Haymarket under Mr. Herbert Trench's direction, and there is little doubt it will only be withdrawn at last to be revived again next winter. We hear, by the way, that there is prospect of another performance being given of Mr. Herbert Trench's "Apollo and the Seaman." The work was performed at the Queen's Hall a little over two years ago, the music to Mr. Trench's poem being written by Mr. Joseph Holbrook, and the performance carried out by the New Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham.

*Photo by Dover Street Studios.* **Miss Enid Rose as "Light" in "The Blue Bird."**

Among the portraits in our last number was one purporting to show Miss Enid Rose as Light in "The Blue Bird." By an unfortunate error, it seems the wrong portrait was sent to us, and we have much pleasure in publishing now an authentic portrait of Miss Enid Rose in the part she has played at every performance of "The Blue Bird" since its production at the Haymarket.

---

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) arrives in London on the 1st, and purposes visiting Stratford on the 5th inst., to attend the first performance of her friend Miss Josephine Peabody's prize play, a poetic drama called "The Piper." Mrs. Riggs has consented to act as one of the honorary stewards at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on May 7.

---

Violet Tweedale, author of many clever novels, the latest of which, "Hypocrites and Sinners," has just been published by Mr. John Long, was born and brought up in an atmosphere of books. As the eldest daughter of the late Robert Chambers, editor of *Chambers's Journal*, and head of the famous publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, she was in very early life initiated into the worlds of literature and art. At the age of sixteen she was a reader for the *Journal* and assisted her father in his literary labours. She was never educated in the literal sense of the term; as one of a large family not at that time greatly blessed with worldly goods, with a delicate mother, and a father who made constant demands on her time, she had no leisure for much schooling. When Robert Chambers died in 1888, the monetary condition of the family had considerably improved, and he left his daughter financially independent. She moved to London in 1889 and began at once to write for the Press, giving her days to literature and her evenings to rescue work in the East End. Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Gladstone, and many other men of mark in literary and political circles were numbered among her friends, and her home in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, was a rendezvous for men and women who represented the advanced thought of the time. Her first novel, "And They Two," was published in 1889. In 1891 she married Clarens Tweedale, of Balquholly, Aberdeenshire, and in her husband has found an invaluable literary helpmate. In 1898 appeared "The Kingdom of Mammon," a novel that caused much discussion, and enjoys a continuing popularity. Mr. John Long, who has already published ten of her novels, is now Mrs. Violet Tweedale's sole publisher.

---

Messrs. Dent have published a new edition of Milton's "Comus," edited with notes and a memoir by the Lady Alix Egerton. This edition of the masque has been taken from the original manuscript at Bridgewater House, the Bridgewater MS. differ-

*Photo by Maude A. Craigie-Halkett, Leamington.*
**Lady Alix Egerton.**

*Photo by Fred. Hollyer.* **Mrs. Havelock Ellis.**

ing largely from the version hitherto published, and containing the text used for the performance of "Comus" at Ludlow Castle in 1634.

---

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing a volume of essays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis on "Three Modern Seers"—the essays being an exposition of the teaching of Nietzsche, James Hinton, and Edward Carpenter. Mrs. Ellis, who has done much notable work as novelist, dramatist, journalist, and ethical lecturer, lives in Cornwall, where for eleven years she combined farming with the letting of artistically furnished cottages. She had to abandon the farming in consequence of a weak heart, but she still lets cottages to visitors, and intends some day to make a book of her strange experiences in that line. She declares that she no longer wonders that landladies become either vampires or—bankrupts. Her lodging-house keeping and farming were, she says, a reaction against much lecturing and "tall talking" on ethical lines, and brought her acquainted with the very primitive folk who figure in "My Cornish Neighbours."

---

Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this month "South African Snapshots for English Girls," a little book written specially for "superfluous daughters" by Miss Eleanor Tyrrell.

---

In addition to her children's serial, "The Magic City," which is appearing serially in the *Strand* and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in the autumn, E. Nesbit (Mrs. Bland) is engaged upon a play for children. In this she is departing from the tradition of such plays, for hers will be more like a dramatised novel for children than like the dramatised fairy story that at present obtains. E. Nesbit's new novel, "Fear," which is to be published this month, deals with the terror felt by human beings in particular situations, and while the subject is not entirely that of ghostly fear, lovers of the supernatural in fiction will find that in this story she has not been unmindful of them. She is busy also on two other novels that are nearing completion: one a tale in the same *genre* as her "Salome and the Head," the other domestic in atmosphere and more resembling her popular story of "The Red House."

---

Writing on Mr. A. L. Haydon's book, "The Riders of the Plains" (Melrose), in THE BOOKMAN Spring Supplement, our reviewer hazarded a guess that Mr. Haydon was the author also of "Twenty-five years' Soldiering in South Africa," by a Colonial Officer. Mr. Haydon writes: "I would I were the anonymous author of this excellent book; unhappily I am not. I have said anonymous author, but really the secret is out, and I know that 'A Colonial Officer' is Captain Harry Vernon Woon, late of the Cape Mounted Rifles."

---

The *Thrush* is the only magazine in this country that is devoted particularly to poetry, and the May number contains some excellent work by writers known and unknown. Among the latter is "The Road of Life," by Ianthe B. Jerrold—a very remarkable poem, considering that the author

**Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland.**
*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

is not yet in her teens. It tersely and vividly describes how the young dreamer was wakened from sleep one night and led to the summit of a hill whence she could see a long road winding away into the far distance, and at the end of it

**Mrs. Hope Huntly,**
whose new novel "Kami-no-Michi, the Way of the Gods in Japan" (Rebman), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

> "a Face—so full of heavenly love
> My heart stopped beating—looked down from above.
> It looked upon this road with smile so sweet
> That soft footfalls of many weary feet
> Seemed running towards it, and it seemed to say—
> 'Oh, come to me all ye who are astray,
> For I am Death, and in my arms so blest
> Ye may sink down, and after life have rest.'"

In this case heredity evidently counts for something, for Miss Ianthe Jerrold is one of Mr. Walter Jerrold's daughters, and a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold.

---

"The Marriage Ring" is the title of a new novel by Mr. F. J. Cox which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing this month. The title is taken from Jeremy Taylor's volume of sermons of the same name. The story is an attempt to deal honestly with certain crises arising out of the weakening of the tie of marriage owing to the slipping away of the world from religion, the points of view contrasted being the sacramental idea of the bond and the conception of marriage purely as a civil contract. As in Mr. Cox's two earlier novels, "The Stranger Within the Gate" and "The Forbidden Way," the scene of "The Marriage Ring" is laid in Gloucestershire, in which county he was born. Mr. Cox has contributed largely to *Punch* and is well known in journalistic circles; his two former novels met with considerable success at the hands both of critics and the public; he has published also a book of excellent light verse, "Songs of the Car," and one of serious verse—but this latter he counts among his youthful indiscretions and has sternly suppressed it.

---

Mr. Lovat Fraser, whose clever caricature of Mr. Zangwill we reproduce on this page, is the son of a well-known City solicitor. His remarkable gift for caricature has hitherto been known only to his friends, but a wider publicity in the form of an exhibition is promised him in the near future. In January last he issued privately a small rectangular volume containing six of his drawings printed in black and coloured by hand; amongst these appeared the caricature of Mr. Zangwill, the others being of Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Oscar Asche, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. Until three years ago Mr. Fraser was a scholar at Charterhouse, and his ability is all the more striking when it is remembered that even now he is only just out of his teens, having been born in Kensington in 1890.

---

"Downward" is Mrs. M. C. Braby's first novel, and she confesses that she begins to fear it may be misunderstood, since some have accused her of attacking the nursing profession merely because she gives a picture of a nursing home exactly as she found it. Her picture is drawn from personal experience, and she points out that there are in her story two nurses of noble character to balance the three who are not noble. Mrs. Braby has a new novel under contemplation, and says that once an idea really takes hold upon her she can do her writing anywhere, even in the nursery with her three children, whose ages range from six months to six years. She looks forward to writing a book about children some day, if only with the object of crushing those childless people who are continually instructing her as to how she ought to bring up her own.

**Mr. Israel Zangwill.**
As seen by Mr. Lovat Fraser in 1910.

**Mrs. Churton Braby.**

Mrs. Braby was born in China, educated at an Anglican convent in England, and later in Germany, and is married to a London solicitor. She has been writing stories ever since she was a child, and had the first one published when she was seventeen. For two or three years after that nearly all her work was rejected, including two long novels which she wrote, re-wrote, typed, and re-typed untiringly. Nevertheless, she thinks editors were "nicer" in those days, for she thought nothing of calling upon them and they invariably received her with kindness and courtesy. "I remember Mr. J. Nicoll Dunn, at that date editor of *Black and White*," she says, "explaining to me with the utmost gentleness that there were no vacancies on his staff for persons aged eighteen who could do 'everything'! Mr. Clement Shorter, too, was extremely kind to me, and Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, then editing a monthly magazine, actually read a story of mine whilst I waited, and accepted it then and there." Her first considerable success came when the *Strand Magazine* paid her fifteen guineas for an article they had commissioned. Later, she made progress as a journalist and became a successful interviewer, some of her most important subjects being Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Stead, who still calls her, she says, "his best and only interviewer." Mrs. Braby's first published book, written in collaboration with an authoress who has now become famous, appeared anonymously in 1903. The first book under her own name was "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," published by Mr. Werner Laurie two years ago, and just reissued in a popular shilling edition.

---

Messrs. Blackwood are publishing shortly a new historical romance, "The Pilgrim," by Mr. Arthur Lewis. The scene is laid in Rome of the eleventh century, and the conclusion of the story takes place amid the final ruin of the city at the hands of Robert Guiscard, the Norman. Mr. Lewis is known as the author of several notable books of verse; this, we believe, is his first published essay in prose romance.

---

Probably no English author living knows more about the life of modern France than Miss Betham-Edwards. Readers of her "Anglo-French Reminiscences," "East of Paris," and "Home Life in France," will be glad to know that she has completed a new volume of intimate studies, called "French Men, Women and Books," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing immediately.

---

Having firmly established the success of their Sevenpenny Library of reprinted novels, Messrs. Nelson have embarked upon a more ambitious venture and have started a series of new two-shilling novels by popular authors. The first three, which were published last month, are "Second String," by Anthony Hope; "Fortune," by J. C. Snaith; and "The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells, and in each case these writers have given us of their very best. This excellent beginning is to be followed up during May with "Daisy's Aunt," by E. F. Benson, and the list of other volumes to be added to the series monthly until the end of the year are by such authors as H. A. Vachell, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, John Buchan, "Q," Agnes and Egerton Castle, John Masefield, and George A. Birmingham. There are prophets who say it will be impossible to

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Miss Betham-Edwards.**

include the work of new and unknown novelists in this series; that their names guaranteeing nothing, the public would not buy them in sufficient quantities to be profitable to either author or publishers; and that if the success of the two-shilling means the extinction of the six-shilling novel, as the success of the six-shilling novel meant the extinction of the old three-decker, there are going to be much harder times than ever ahead for the budding novelist. That is as may be; the older and tried novelists cannot live for ever, and it is not to be supposed that the series will perish with them; in the meantime the public are to be congratulated on the fact that Messrs. Nelson are offering them good novels by some of the best living novelists as well printed and bound as if the price of them had never been reduced.

Our plate portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is from a crayon drawing by Mr. Alfred Priest, and the portrait of Mr. Chesterton on the cover is from a life-size painting by the same artist, with whose kind permission both are here reproduced. For permission to reproduce others of the portraits and illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Chesterton, senr., Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. D. J. Rider, the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Harpers, Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., Mr. George S. Elgood, R.I., Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., Mr. E. Davies, R.I., Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Mr. Werner Laurie, Mr. Lovat Fraser, Messrs. Methuen, and Messrs. Mills & Boon.

# "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## MAY, 1910.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best quatrain describing favourably or otherwise any seaside holiday resort.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss MARY E. MEREDITH, of 342, Stewart Street, Ottawa, Canada, for the following:

A GUIDE TO MEREDITH. BY JAMES MOFFATT.

"He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
'Straight down the crooked Lane
And all round the Square.'"
THOMAS HOOD, *A Plain Direction.*

We also select for printing:

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE. BY M. MAETERLINCK.

"I often wish that I had clear
For life six hundred pound a year,
A handsome house to lodge my friend,
A river at my garden's end."—SWIFT.

(Ada Creber Coles, 5 Arden Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.)

REST AND UNREST. BY EDWARD THOMAS.

"At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way
Tormenting himself with his prickles."
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

(Rev. R. F. Cobbold, Beachampton Rectory, Stony Stratford.)

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. BY E. L. VOYNICH.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"
J. P. KEMBLE.

(Miss Kathleen Knox, 11, Hughenden Avenue, Antrim Road, Belfast.)

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. BY G. F. HILL.

"There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!"
FRANCIS MAHONY, *The Groves of Blarney.*

(Johannes C. Andersen, Box 104, P.O., Christchurch, New Zealand.)

SELF HELP. BY S. SMILES, LL.D.

"He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum."—*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Mrs. M. A. Pocock, 2, Aldin Villas, Yeovil; and Miss Alice Burt, Ayr Villa, Yeovil.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best three original epigrams applicable to the works or personalities of any three living authors is awarded to Miss E. A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants, for the following:

MR. BERNARD SHAW
makes Truth appear so naked the virtuous are shocked.

MR. J. M. BARRIE
charms us with his art be he never so artless.

MISS MARIE CORELLI:
Her works are so popular that with some they are unpopular.

Some of the epigrams sent in are very poor indeed, but creditable attempts have been received also from Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Nora Sarniock (Portishead), H. W. Wagstaff (Woolwich), T. H. Ashelford (Bradford), Miss N. E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), T. Ewing (Cambridge), and Joan Harvey Hall (Aboyne, N.B.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, for the following:

ACCORDING TO MARIA. By MRS. JOHN LANE. (John Lane.)

"According to Maria" the object of life was social advancement; scheming and heartless, consistently vulgar, she is the type of the Pushful Person bent on entering "Society." Maria ultimately realises the latter half of her ambition ("I do hope I shall live to know the best people and keep a butler"). Her upward journey from Brixton to Bayswater (*via* West Kensington) is recorded with Mrs. Lane's well-known vivacity and lightness of touch. With the chronicle of Maria's social aspirations is interwoven a pretty romance, that of her daughter, Diana. The book sparkles with humour and abounds in amusing situations.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

THE COURT OF A SAINT. By WINIFRED F. KNOX. (Methuen.)

Drawn with critical sympathy, the fruit of much thought and research, is the figure of that royal monk who was no priest-ridden king, that visionary to whose statesmanship all Europe appealed, that humble Christian who brooked "but one king in France," Louis IX. It is a first book of which the author may well be proud, for though further pruning would have relieved the style of jarring repetitions and ambiguity, all is told so well that the thirteenth century, of high ideals and low practice, becomes intelligible to the twentieth, when ideals and practice almost correspond in mediocrity.

(Miss E. O. Browne, College Green, Worcester.)

TOWER OF IVORY. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray.)

A brilliantly clever novel, with an exceptionally morbid ending. The character study of John Ordham, a young English aristocrat, is a fine piece of workmanship, and although the framework of the story is somewhat ordinary, yet the figures on the canvas are vastly interesting. One feels sorry the hero is cast to play the threadbare theme of a faithless husband, and that, too, in an exceptionally callous fashion; the siren in this case being an operatic artiste of unique dramatic powers. One wishes, on closing the book, that John Ordham had been given a nobler rôle.

(J. Tregenza, 24, Coleman Street, London, E.C.)

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Hutchinson.)

There can be little doubt that this is a novel "with a purpose"; it seems to be addressed to suffragettes and women who wish to rule in state affairs. The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XV. when women had complete dominion over the French Court; we see how unscrupulous they are to gain their ends; how incapable they are of forming unbiassed judgments of men; and how even the best—like Lydie—are bound to fail because their affections and sentiments sway their actions. This teaching, however, is too unobtrusive to mar an exceedingly pretty historical romance.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 12, Landemann Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.)

THE BALL AND THE CROSS. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

In the guise of a novel with a singularly original plot Mr. Chesterton confronts Atheism and Christianity in the persons of a freethinking editor and a young Scotsman—Catholic mystic and Jacobite. There is not a little humour in the suggestion that their difference should be decided, as an affair of honour, by a duel, an appeal to the method of "right is might." The series of extraordinary adventures that follows makes entertaining reading and gives full scope to Mr. Chesterton's powers of paradox; while one scene, the "museum of souls," is a masterpiece of horror.

(H. S. Elless, 12, Comeragh Road, West Kensington.)

We specially commend also the reviews of Emily Shore (Worthing), Constance N. Kerr (East Lothian), R. B. Beckett (Mitcham Park), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Lucy M. Peaton (Great Yarmouth), L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Adalbert P. Curtis (Dudley), Mrs. V. Howell (Doncaster), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), L. Welby (Shanklin), and Jess Pescod (Aylesbury).

IV.—The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss N. E. GOODBODY, of Inchmore, Clara, King's Co., Ireland.

# The Booksellers' Diary.

## LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

***May 1 to June 1, 1910.***

### Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

ARYGLL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF, and J. D. REES, M.P.—Canada. India. The first two volumes of the British Empire Series. 6s. net per volume.
FAHY, MINA.—St. Clement's. A Story of School Life. 6s.
HODGSON, F. C.—History of Venice. 10s. net.
MACDONELL, AMICE.—Historical Plays: Magna Charta—Edward III.—Caedmon—The Good Queen—The Crusaders. (Second Series.) Paper Covers. 6d. each net.
SCOTT, MELVILLE, B.D.—The Atonement. 2s. 6d. net and 5s. net.
VAUGHAN, FATHER BERNARD.—Life Lessons from Joan of Arc. 3s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CONWAY, SIR MARTIN.—The Alps. Illustrated from Photographs by L. Edna Walter, B.Sc., A.C.G.I. 3s. 6d. net.
DOBSON, G., and F. DE HAENEN.—St. Petersburg. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
DUCKWORTH, F., and E. HARRISON COMPTON.—Chester. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
FLEMWELL, G.—Alpine Flowers and Gardens. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
VARLEY, REV. TELFORD, M.A., B.Sc., and WILFRID BALL, R.E.—Winchester. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ANDOM, R.—Four Men with a Van. 6d.
GIBSON, ALFRED.—London and a Girl. 6s.
HANSHEW, T. W.—Fate and the Man. 3s. 6d.
HAY, PROF. ALFRED, D.Sc., M.I.E.E.—Electrical Distributing Networks and Transmission Lines. 10s. 6d. net.
HOCKING, SILAS.—Who Shall Judge? 3s. 6d.
IRVING, HENRY.—How to Know the Trees. 3s. 6d.
LOW, S. J., M.A., and F. S. PULLING, M.A.—The Dictionary of English History. New and Revised Edition. 9s. net.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—At the Call of Honour. 6s.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Statue. 1s. net.
RATH, E. J.—The Sixth Speed. 6s.
Cassell's Guide to London. 6d.
Cassell's Magazine. Spring Vol. 5s.
Cooking by Gas. 2s. net.
Royal Academy Pictures Volume. Paper covers, 3s. net; cloth, 5s. net.

### Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BARRETT, FRANK.—Perfidious Lydia. 6s.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Ghost. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
DANBY, FRANK.—A Coquette in Crape. Cheap Edition. 6d.
LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.—The Favourites of Henry of Navarre. 7s. 6d. net.
MACHRAY, ROBERT.—The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
MARKINO, YOSHIO (Written and Illustrated by).—A Japanese Artist in London. 6s. net.
PEARS, CHARLES (Written and Illustrated by).—From the Thames to the Seine. 12s. 6d. net.
READE, CHARLES.—The Course of True Love. Cheap Edition. 6d.
Paris Salon, The. With Illustrations by the Artists. 3s.

### Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

DIXON, F. N., B.A.—Growth of the British Dominions. 3s. 6d.

### Mr. T. N. Foulis.

KEITH, REV. GEORGE M., M.A.—The Breezy Pentlands. Fully Illustrated with photographs and drawings. 2s. 6d.

### Messrs. Greening & Co.

CAMPBELL, VERE.—For No Man Knoweth. 6s.
GAUTIER, THEOPHILE.—Mdlle. de Maupin. (Lotus Series.) Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s.
GILLMAN, GURNER.—The Loafer. Popular Edition. 6d.
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Lord Lisdor. 1s. net.
KAYE, MICHAEL.—The Duke's Vengeance. 6s.
ORCZY, BARONESS.—By the Gods Beloved. Popular Edition. 1s. net.
RAPPOPORT, DR. A. S.—Mad Majesties on European Thrones. Illustrated. 16s. net.
SCOTT, ERIC CLEMENT.—The Fall of a Saint. 6s.
TOWNLEY, HOUGHTON.—The Gay Lord Waring. 6s.

### Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

BERESFORD, LESLIE.—The Second Rising: A Romance of India. 6s.
COSTELLO, PIERRE.—A Sinner in Israel. 6s.
CRANE, DENIS.—A Vicarious Vagabond. 3s. 6d. net.
DE LOREY, EUSTACHE, and DOUGLAS SLADEN.—The Moon at the Fourteenth Night. 32 full-page Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 16s. net.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The O'Flynn. 6s.
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—Now. 6s.
ROWSELL, MARY C.—Ninon de l'Enclos and her Century. 12s. 6d. net.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Queer Things About Egypt. 65 Illustrations from Photos. 21s. net.

### Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BURGIN, G. B.—Diana of Dreams. 6s.
HOW, F. D.—Bishop Lovelace T. Stamer. 7s. 6d. net.
MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN.—The Romance of Monaco. Many Illustrations. 16s. net.
RAPPOPORT, ANGELO S., D.D.—Leopold the Second. Illustrated. 16s. net.
RAWSON, MRS. STEPNEY.—Bess of Hardwick. Photogravure and numerous other Illustrations. 16s. net.
STEELE, FRANCESCA M.—The Beautiful Queen: Joanna of Naples. 12s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

FOLEY, EDWIN.—Book of Decorative Furniture. Parts I. and II. 2s. 6d. net.
HUDSON, HENRY N., LL.D.—The Taming of the Shrew. Twelfth Night. King Richard the Third. King Lear. Antony and Cleopatra. Coriolanus. (Completing 18 volumes.) Era Shakespeare. 8d. net per volume.
KIRKMAN, F. B., B.A. Oxon.—The British Bird Book, Section 1. 10s. 6d. net; Edition de Luxe, 21s. net.
WHITEHOUSE, REV. PROF. OWEN C.—The Books of the Old Testament. (Century Bible Handbooks Series.) 1s. net and 6d. net.
WRIGHT, HORACE J., WILLIAM J. P. CUTHBERTSON, and R. HOOPER PEARSON.—Sweet Peas, Pansies, Violas, and Violets. (Present-Day Gardening Series. Edited by R. Hooper Pearson.) 1s. 6d. net per volume.

### Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ANDOM, R.—The Magic Bowl. 6d.
BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Our Dogs and All About Them. With 44 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
GALLET, LOUIS.—Captain Satan. 6d.
KERNAHAN, COULSON.—Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest. 3s. 6d. net.
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.—In the New Promised Land. 6d.

### Mr. John Lane.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.—Galahad Jones. A Tragic Farce. With 16 Illustrations by Norman Lindsay. 6s.
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—The Cradle of a Poet. 6s.
LOCKE, WILLIAM J.—Simon the Jester. 6s.

### Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

FENN, HENRY EDWIN.—Thirty-five Years in the Divorce Court. Leaves from a Reporter's Note Book. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
HILLIER, SIDNEY, M.D.—Popular Drugs: Their Use and Abuse. 3s. 6d. net.
HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL.—The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune. Being the Life of Stanley Portal Hyatt. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
KNOWLSON, T. SHARPER.—The Origins of Popular Superstitions, Customs, and Ceremonies. 6s. net.
STALEY, EDGCUMBE.—The Dogaressas of Venice. With hand-coloured Photogravure Frontispiece and many other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. Methuen & Co.

CLOUGH, W. T., A.R.C.Sc., F.C.S.—Elementary Experimental Electricity and Magnetism. With many Illustrations and Diagrams. 2s. 6d.
COX, J. CHARLES, LL.D., F.S.A.—The Parish Registers of England. With many Illustrations. (Antiquary's Books.) 7s. 6d. net.
EDWARDES, TICKNER.—Lift-Luck on Southern Roads. With 16 Illustrations. 6s.
FINBERG, A. J.—Turner's Sketches and Drawings. With over 80 Illustrations, of which one is in Colour. (Classics of Art.) 12s. 6d. net.
FLETCHER, BANISTER F., F.R.I.B.A., and HERBERT PHILLIPS FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A.—The English Home. With over 300 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
HART, H. C., and C. K. POOLER (Edited by).—King Henry Sixth. Part III. (The Arden Shakespeare.) 2s. 6d. net.
HUGHES, C. E.—The Black Forest. 21 Illustrations and a Map. 7s. 6d. net.
JAMES, NORMAN G. BRETT.—The Charm of Switzerland. 5s. net.
JOHNSTON, SIR H. H., G.C.M.G., K.C.B.—The Negro in the New World. With over 350 Illustrations and 4 Maps. 16s. net.
MASEFIELD, CHARLES.—Staffordshire. With 32 Illustrations, 2 Plans and 2 Maps. (Little Guides.) Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.
NARRAMORE, WILLIAM, F.L.S.—Preliminary Physiology. (Text-books of Science.) 3s. 6d.
RAHTZ, F. J., M.A., B.Sc.—English Literature. 2s. 6d.
RAHTZ, F. J., M.A., B.Sc.—English Literary Selections. Vol. I. 2s. 6d.
REID, ARCHDALL, M.B., F.R.S.E.—The Laws of Heredity. With a Diagrammatic Representation by Herbert Hall Turner, F.R.S., D.Sc. 21s. net.
SCOTT, ERNEST.—Terre Napoléon: A History of French Explorations and Projects in Australia. With 6 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 10s. 6d. net.
SHAFER, SARA ANDREW.—A White Paper Garden. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and 24 other Illustrations from Photographs by Frances and Mary Allen. 7s. 6d. net.
SYKES, ELLA C.—Persia and its People. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMPSON, A. HAMILTON, M.A.—Cambridge and its Colleges. New and Revised Edition. With 23 Illustrations and a Map by Edmund H. New. (Little Guides.) Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.
WICKHAM, E. C., D.D., Dean of Lincoln (Edited by).—Epistle to Hebrews. (Westminster Commentaries.) 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E. P.—A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt: From Abydos to the Sudan Frontier. With 69 Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. Mills & Boon.

"A FOUR-INCH DRIVER."—The Lady Motorist's Companion. 2s. 6d. net.
DORRINGTON, A., and A. G. STEPHENS.—The Lady Calphurnia Royal. New Edition. 1s. net.
GAUTIER, JUDITH.—Wagner at Home. Translated by Effie D. Massie. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—Mary. New Edition. 1s. net.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Romance of the Oxford Colleges. Illustrated. 6s.
HAMILTON, COSMO.—The End and the Beginning. New Edition. 1s. net.
JOHNSON, A. T.—The Poultry Keeper's Companion. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
MORTEN, HONNOR.—The Nursery Nurse's Companion. 1s. net.
TEARLE, CHRISTIAN.—Rambles with an American. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
TIPPINS, L. R.—The Rifleman's Companion. 2s. 6d. net.
WELHAM, S.—A Handbook for Nurses. 3s. 6d. net.

### Mr. John Murray.

BISHOP, MRS. (ISABELLA BIRD).—A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. Murray's Shilling Library.
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA (MRS. ADY).—The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth Century to the Sixteenth Century. Murray's Shilling Library.
CHAYTOR, A. H.—Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons.
DAVIES, REV. GERALD S.—Renascence: The Sculptured Tombs of the Fifteenth Century in Rome.
FULLER, SIR BAMPFYLDE.—Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment.
GATACRE, BEATRIX.—Memoir of General Sir William Gatacre, K.C.B., D.S.O., 1843–1906.
LAURENCE, C. E. (Edited by).—The Wisdom of the Apocrypha. (The Wisdom of the East Series.) 2s. net.
MACALISTER, MRS.—Memoir of the Right Honourable Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., and of his Second Wife, Elizabeth Wilson, 1775–1883.
MACDONELL, SIR JOHN, C.B., LL.D.—Some Plain Reasons for Immunity from Capture of Private Property at Sea. Paper Cover, 3d.
MAYO, ISABELLA FYVIE ("EDWARD GARRETT").—Recollections of What I Saw, What I Lived Through, and What I Learned, During More than Fifty Years of Social and Literary Experience.

### Mr. John Ouseley.

EDMONDSON, R.—No Conscription (No. 3, "Beware" Series.) 3d.
HAMILCAR, MARCIA.—Legally Dead. 5s. net.
SMITH, ISABEL.—The Adventures of a Runaway Bride. 6s.
WEBB, G. E.—The Fairbourne Papers. 5s. net.
WORDLER, A. M. I.—The House Desolate. 6s.
Heroes of Mythology. St. Francis of Assisi. (Nos. 7 and 8 of the "Little Keepsake" Series.) 1s. each.

### Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BRIDGEWATER, H.—Advertising: The Art of Making Known. 1s. net.
DAVIS, J. F., D.Lit.—Bank Organisation, Management, and Accounts. 5s. net.
HIBBERT, F. A., M.A.—Dissolution of the Monasteries. 5s. net.
JEPHSON, ARTHUR W., M.A.—My Work in London. With Portrait. 3s. 6d. net.
MARTINEAU, GEO., C.B.—Sugar—Cane and Beet. Coloured Frontispiece, Map, etc. 1s. 6d. net.
MITCHELL, C. A.—Oil; Mineral, Essential and Fatty. Coloured Frontispiece Map, etc. 1s. 6d. net.
STRATFORD, LAURENCE, B.A.—Edward the Fourth. 3s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. Rebman, Ltd.

JACOBE, DR. E.—Portfolio of Dermochromes. Third Edition. Translated by J. J. Pringle, M.D. Half-leather, £4 6s. net; full leather, £4 14s. 6d. net.
MATHER, E. J.—The Squatter's Bairn. Coloured Frontispiece and 24 Illustrations. 6s.
MOORE, SIR J. W., M.D.—Meteorology, Practical and Applied.
TIBBLES, DR. WM.—Foods and Hygiene. Second Edition. 5s. net.

### Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

CRAVEN, PRISCILLA.—Life's Compass. 6s.
DRAPER, F. W. M. (Editor).—Gringoire, by Banville, being the first of a Series of Short French Plays for Schools. Pictorial paper covers, 6d. net.
LUCAS, REGINALD.—Lord Glenesk and the *Morning Post*. 8 Gravure Plates. 16s. net.
MACK, LOUISE.—In a White Palace. 6s.

### The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

BIDDLECOMBE, A.—Thoughts on Natural Philosophy and the Origin of Life. 5s.
ELLIS, HAVELOCK.—The Criminal. New and Enlarged Edition. 6s.
HUME, M.—Psychism. 2s. 6d. net.
JOHNSTON, A. W., M.A.—Law and Liberty: A Manual of the Elements of Political Economy. 2s. 6d. net.
MORGAN, J. LLOYD.—Impotence to Power. 3s. 6d.
SENANCOUR, E. P. DE.—Obermann. 1s. net.
WINGATE, ASHMORE.—Life and Works of John Ruskin. 1s. 6d.

### Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co.

BULLFINCH, THOMAS.—The Age of Fable, or Beauties of Mythology. A new, revised and enlarged edition, edited by Rev. J. Loughran Scott, D.D. Nearly 200 Illustrations. 6s. net.
BULLFINCH, THOMAS.—Age of Chivalry, or King Arthur and his Knights. A new, revised and enlarged edition, edited by Rev. J. Loughran Scott, D.D. Illustrated. 6s. net.
MOSES, MONTROSE J.—The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Translated from the German Text with an Historical Introduction. 3s. 6d. net.

### Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

BRECKNOCK, ALBERT.—The Pilgrim Poet (Lord Byron). Fully Illustrated. 6s. net.
SIDEY, REV. ARTHUR.—Bible Problems. 2s. net.
STOCKWELL, ARTHUR H.—The Baptist Churches of Lancashire. Fully Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
WALKER-WELBORN, MINA.—The Romance of a Real Marriage. 2s. 6d. net.

### Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

BALLARD, P. B.—Handwork as an Educational Medium.
KELLY, M., M.A., M.D.—Kant's Ethics and Schopenhauer's Criticism. 2s. 6d.
LIAS, REV. J. J.—The Nicene Creed. Second Edition, revised. 7s. 6d.
SONNENSCHEIN, PROF. E. A.—Ora Maritima: Supplementary Exercises.

### Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Rod of Justice. 6s.
COOLIDGE, REV. W. A. B.—The Bernese Oberland. (Climbers' Guide Series.) 10s.
HIRST, W. A.—Argentina. 10s. 6d. net.
ROGERS, W. S.—Garden Planning. 10s. net.
SEYMOUR, FREDERICK.—Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria. 10s. 6d. net.
WADLEIGH, REV. H. R.—Munich: its History, Monuments and Art. 6s. net.

### Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

BLYTH, JAMES.—A Hazardous Wooing. 1s.
FORMAN, JUSTUS M.—Bianca's Daughter. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—A Traitor's Wooing. 6d.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—By Wit of Woman. 6d.
MEADE, L. T.—Micah Faraday, Adventurer. 6s.
OPPENHEIM, E. P.—Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire. 6d.
STAUNTON, S.—The Fate of a Crown. 6s.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Five Knots. 6s.

# "THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

## MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

WHEN the reviewer has waded for his sins through some half-dozen essays in neuroticism, skipped a couple of detective tales, and thrown down his critical pen in despair on the perusal of a story about a girl, an aeroplane, and the Emperor of Russia, he sometimes encounters a nice, healthy romance that might have been written round the people next door. If he be wise he will then put his feet on the mantelpiece, read the book all the way through, and feel very much better for it. There are plenty of people with the writing gift who can tell stories like this, but I wonder there are not more. The public like them, the publishers like them, and the next thing is that you see them in sevenpenny editions. Therefore I conclude that healthy fiction-writing pays almost as well as the other kind. All of us realise that ordinary people are much the nicest and most comfortable kind of people to know, either in the flesh or in the pages of a capable author. I exclude, of course, the horrible caricature of the commonplace person who pursues his—or generally her—ill-starred course through the weary length of the new kind of realistic novel. One notices a sort of boom in stories that exploit the woes of drapers'-assistants and the tribulations of young women who serve in A.B.C. shops. But even this kind of author cannot be true to himself, or to life. Invariably, when his young woman has been sufficiently ill-treated for the public to realise the crying evils inherent in yet another department of our social system, she marries some kind of middle-class duke. Which points merely to a pathetic recrudescence of the influence of that dear old lady novelist, Mr. Samuel Richardson.

**Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.**
*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

It was in something approximating to the mental condition outlined in the preceding paragraph that I once encountered a novel by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. I forget which one it was, but remember there were some very jolly English girls in it, and some very ridiculous foreign young men, of the type that graces the drawing-rooms of a thousand Bloomsbury boarding-houses. I believe that "problems" did develop in the course of the story, but am very sure that they adjusted themselves without any nastiness. Innocence in pigtails might have read it, and assuredly did so, with impunity and profit. I enjoyed it very much myself. So, I think, did all its other readers. There is, by the way, a foreign element in nearly all Mrs. Sidgwick's stories. She was born in London, but her name used to be Miss Cicely Ullmann, and both her parents were German. Most of the people who came to her father's house were either Germans or Austrians, and though brought up in England, she was regularly taken on long visits to the Fatherland. She thinks, however, that it is through the German friends amongst whom she grew up in London, rather than through her remembrances of German scenes, that she knows the ways of its people so well. Many BOOKMAN readers, I am sure, know that delightful volume of hers published two years ago, "Home Life in Germany."

Mrs. Sidgwick tells me that she enjoyed the usual educational privileges through the usual agencies of governesses and day schools. No one informed her that she was a genius, nor did she betray the fact to her friends and relations. In 1883 she married Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, a Professor of Logic, and went to live in Manchester. Mr. Sidgwick, it may be mentioned, is the author of several standard works on his own subject, among them "Fallacies," "The Distinction and Criticism of Beliefs," "The Process of Argument," and "The Use of Words in Reasoning." In 1886 they moved to Skipton-in-Craven in Yorkshire. There, as I imagine, Mrs. Sidgwick began to write books herself.

Beginners, she declares, often ask her whether or not she had the usual difficulty in getting on. She finds it hard to answer that question. Her first two books found a publisher without any delay at all, but her bad time came before then. She wrote many short stories, and encountered very little good fortune in disposing of them. The editor of *Blackwood's* was good enough to praise one. But he did not take

it. "On those few encouraging words," said Mrs. Sidgwick, "I lived for some years." Her first magazine success was with an article on Franzos that came out in the *Cornhill* some time during 1883. Then, after many attempts, she became a real journalist, to the extent of contributing a weekly Chit-Chat column on poultry to *Fowls*. That brought in the regular if exiguous emolument of ten shillings.

Very naturally Mrs. Sidgwick was anxious to accomplish something that might justly be called serious. Eschewing poultry and foregoing the weekly cheque, she worked hard for two or three years on a biography of Caroline Schlegel. It was finished in 1889, forwarded to Mr. Fisher Unwin, and published forthwith. Its subject, as is well known, was among the wittiest and most charming of the band of gifted women leaders of the Romantic Movement on the Continent. She was three times married, first to an undistinguished but plodding German doctor, after his death to two famous men — Schlegel, from whom she was divorced, and Schelling. Had she never known a celebrated man, her letters, bright and sparkling as they are, would have been worth collection and publication. As it was, she was fortunate to have lived in the most brilliant epoch of the German literary revival. An intimate friend of most of the great men of her time and nation, she writes continually of events and persons that have become historic. It is in her correspondence that we see "poor Bürger dying in his garret, and Georg Forster, with the best intentions, mismanaging his own and other lives. We hear what Fichte's friends said when he was driven from Jena; we see him at Weimar drinking champagne with Caroline on the first night of 'Wallenstein.'" Hegel, too, flits through her pages, "not as the originator of a profound philosophical system, but rather as a young man agreeably attentive to ladies." Other pens have been busy enough with Goethe and Schiller, but from the many matter-of-fact allusions to their social and domestic affairs that occur in Caroline's letters, we are helped towards a realisation of them from the human side. This first book went well, as it deserved. "Yet," says Mrs. Sidgwick, "the Chit-Chat column was more profitable."

The same year saw the publication of a first novel, "Isaac Eller's Money," by Mrs. Andrew Dean. Mrs. Sidgwick took a pseudonym because, as she admits, she feared the verdict of the press. No one could have been more surprised than herself, she is modest enough to avow, at the reception accorded to her initial efforts by the critics. Encouraged by so favourable a reception, she worked hard at one novel after another. "A Splendid Cousin," "Mrs. Finch-Brassey," "Lesser's Daughter," "The Grasshoppers," and "A Woman with a Future" appeared at yearly intervals from 1892 to 1896. From 1899 to 1907 she was busy with "Cousin Ivo," "The Inner Shrine," "Cynthia's Way," "The Thousand Eugenias," "The Beryl Stones,' and "The Kinsman." In 1904 were published "Scenes of Jewish Life," and four years later "Home Life in Germany," both delightful books of their kind. Last year gave us "The Child's Book of Gardening" and "The Severins," Mrs. Sidgwick's latest and most successful novel. The story over which most time and trouble were spent was "The Beryl Stones," not, as it happens, one of its author's most successful ventures. "The Inner Shrine," "Cynthia's Way," and "The Severins" have eclipsed the rest where popular approval was concerned.

"The Thousand Eugenias" centres round the stock market, and there is a curious little anecdote connected with the writing of it. Five people went separately over the proofs. Its author was most anxious that the financial details should be correct in every particular. Here she received the careful assistance of her brother, who is himself a stock-broker, and another friend, also a member of the Exchange. Every detail was discussed minutely. Yet not one of the five who went through the manuscript with such care discovered that shortly after the end of a long confidential talk between two of the characters it was declared that they had never met. The *Times* reviewer "spotted" this point at once.

With the exception of a year spent in travel, four-fifths of Mrs. Sidgwick's life as an author has been passed in or about London, and it was only three years ago that she and her husband took possession of their present delightful home at St. Buryan, Cornwall. Mrs. Sidgwick is wise in the lore of flower-gardens and poultry-runs, as she has proved. Her admirers ought to be grateful that from such pleasant rural occupations she can still spare time and energy to write the novels whose good qualities I have discussed already.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

# THE READER.

## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

By Henry Murray.

THAT Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in Kensington, where for a generation or two back his forbears had been honourably considered of their fellow-citizens, is one of that class of facts fitter to be dwelt upon by the author of the detailed biography which will certainly one day—may that day be long in coming—be written about him, than in this brief and modest little sketch. That he was born in the year 1874 is, for the moment, a circumstance more worthy of remark, because it impresses upon us that in this present year of grace, 1910, Mr. Chesterton is but thirty-six years old, which allows us to rejoice that for once a man of genius has attained to fame at an age when he is still young enough to enjoy it, and when he has still the best years of his life before him in which to consolidate and extend his claim upon our suffrages.

I speak of Mr. Chesterton as a man of genius. I use the phrase reluctantly, because it is one whose value has of late been severely discounted by its application to so many people who have no real right to be distinguished by it. It is a phrase of many meanings, but here for the moment it means that the person to whom I apply it is, in certain important respects, a man apart, a man who looks upon the world with his own eyes, unaided or untrammelled by anybody else's philosophical spectacles; who measures things by his own rule and compass, weighs them in his own scales, and speaks of them in his own dialect. And such a personality as that is precisely the best thing that literature can reveal to us. Whether he be a cynic like La Rochefoucauld, or a child-like babbler like William Blake, whether he be such an optimist-at-any-price as Browning or as black a pessimist as Schopenhauer, he is, to a catholic and discriminating reader, equally welcome. Such people win their verdict as Phryne won hers, by standing before the jury in unashamed and splendid nudity.

**G. K. Chesterton.**
From "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," by A. G. Gardiner.
(Alston Rivers.)

It is of course quite in the nature of things that this perfect candour should be stigmatised by so many people as the acme of duplicity, that complete simplicity should be denounced as the furthest limit of affectation. It is natural for the object of such a misapprehension to be galled by it, but the people who are guilty of the mistake have their excuses. Affectation is the commonest of literary vices, perfect sincerity is rare, and if a writer's philosophy be as unusual as the openness with which he exposes it, the accusation of "posing" rises naturally to the lips of the casual reader. The two living men of letters against whom that accusation has been most frequently pointed are the subject of this article and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and it accords well with the general fitness of things that the one should have written rather copiously about the other. In Mr. Chesterton's "Heretics" there is an article entitled "Mr. McCabe and a Divine Frivolity," in which the writer takes Mr. McCabe to task for accusing Mr. Shaw of insincerity, and in that article occurs a passage I desire to quote, because in it Mr. Chesterton, in expressing his views regarding Mr. Shaw, so perfectly expresses my views regarding himself:

"If Mr. McCabe means merely this about Mr. Shaw, that he always has some unexpected application of his doctrine to give to those who listen to him, what he says is quite true, and to say it is only to say that Mr. Shaw is an original man. But if he means that Mr. Shaw has ever professed or preached any doctrine but one, and that his own, then what he says is not true. It is not my business to defend Mr. Shaw; as has been seen already, I disagree with him altogether. But I do not mind, on his behalf, offering in this matter a flat defiance to all his ordinary opponents, such as Mr. McCabe. I defy Mr. McCabe, or anybody else, *to mention one single instance in which Mr. Shaw has, for the sake of wit or novelty, taken up any position which was not directly deducible from the body of his doctrine as elsewhere expressed.* I have been, I am happy to say, a tolerably close student of Mr. Shaw's utterances, and I request Mr. McCabe, if he will not believe that I mean anything else, to believe that I mean this challenge."

The challenge here italicised is one I repeat on behalf of Mr. Chesterton, and I have arrived at my belief in

his *bona fides* by the same means by which he arrived at his faith in Mr. Shaw —by diligent study of his utterances. That indeed, especially in the case of a writer like Mr. Chesterton, who has produced a remarkably large mass of matter for a writer of his years, and who has written discursively in many places on a vast variety of subjects, is the best of all conceivable tests. Just as a successful liar is invariably a reticent man who talks little, so your successful literary poseur is never a voluminous writer. Garrulity is fatal, not indeed to insincerity, but to success in insincerity. I am still searching for the utterance from Mr. Chesterton's pen which will "give him away," which will convict him of not believing in the—to me—insane and impossible creed he has made it the business of his life to expound. To me that creed long appeared as the despairing expedient of a born paradoxer *aux abois* for a sufficiently startling novelty, but to-day I have no more doubt of Mr. Chesterton's sincerity than I have of my own existence. But I have no anger or impatience against those who will refuse to share my belief, because I had myself such difficulty in arriving at it. Mr. Chesterton's philosophy is indeed as tough a proposition as is easily conceivable. That philosophy was summed up in a convenient and portable form by Mr. Chesterton himself in a single sentence of the introduction to his little volume, "The Defendant." It runs as follows:

**G. K. Chesterton as a Child.**
After A. Baccani.

"The ancients were not wrong when they made Lethe the boundary of a better land; perhaps the only flaw in their system is that a man who had bathed in the river of forgetfulness would be as likely as not to climb back upon the bank of the earth and fancy himself in Elysium."

**G. K. Chesterton, aged about thirteen years.**

It would be easy to fill the entire space of this article with excerpts from Mr. Chesterton's writings supporting, illustrating, and expanding this curious thesis; it is, so far as my acquaintance with his work extends, impossible to discover a passage at variance with it. The real paradox about Mr. Chesterton—or rather, one of the many real paradoxes he illustrates—is that, with a tender and overflowing affection for all sentient things, he seems almost completely ignorant of the existence of sorrow or suffering. He knows the topography of Fairyland better than I know the way from my house to Piccadilly Circus, he knows the colour of Titania's eyes and the tint of Oberon's hair, he knows Peaseblossom's favourite "tap" of honeydew, but he apparently never so much as heard of Chicago, or Ancoats, or the Potteries, or the East End of London. And this strange ignorance or carelessness of the facts

**G. K. Chesterton, aged sixteen.**

From a sketch by G. K. C.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

of everyday life marks the limit of his powers. He has amused and tickled thousands, he has made hundreds laugh consumedly, he has probably made scores angry, he has even, as I shall presently attempt to prove, made the more intelligent among his readers think on subjects they had hitherto ignored, but I cannot imagine that he has ever given one solitary individual a moist eye or a lump in the throat. Pathos and tragedy are notes, or rather entire octaves, lacking from his keyboard. His boisterous optimism will not admit that there is anything to sorrow over in this best of all possible worlds. He is the last writer to whom any man in trouble would go for consolation. He has nothing to say to the soul of man in those dark hours in which

> "the sensual frame
> Is wracked by pangs that conquer trust,
> And Time a maniac scattering dust
> And Life a fury slinging flame."

Compared with him, Browning, hitherto the king of optimists, takes on the likeness of a veritable Mrs. Gummidge. Browning, who could tell us that "all's well with the world," could also show us Paracelsus in his madhouse cell, Pompilia on her hospital bed, Franceschini, a heap of ruined lust and maddened cowardice and abortive intellectual trickery, shrieking at the approach of the guillotine. In the glad world in which Mr. Chesterton has his being such figures are unknown. And this plump denial of one half of human experience—the bigger half, as many of the world's greatest have held—reacts fatally on his work. He is like a painter who will have nothing but high lights on his canvas, like a musician for whom the bass cleff is banished from the scale, like a chess-player who will play on no board of which all the squares are not white.

It is a rather curious thing that Mr. Chesterton, who snaps at a suggestive or fruitful paradox with the avidity and certainty of a trained poodle snapping at a cracker, should have left unexploited the paradox—which is one of the eternal verities—that hate may be, and often is, as holy and beneficent as love itself. Let us hear him hold forth on the efficiency of the latter passion, a favourite theme of his, which he has handled often, and always with wit and force and a large modicum of helpful truth :

"Let us suppose we are confronted with a desperate thing—say Pimlico. If we think what is really best for

**The "Great" G. K. C.**

From a drawing by W. Alban Jones.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

Pimlico, we shall find the thread of thought leads to the throne of the mystic and the arbitrary. It is not enough for a man to disapprove of Pimlico : in that case he will

From a sketch by G. K. C.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

**As Dr. Johnson.**

As Mr. Chesterton appeared in the Church Pageant at Fulham, 1909.
Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

**As Dr. Johnson.**

As Mr. Chesterton appeared in the Church Pageant at Fulham, 1909.
Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

From a photograph by Kate Pragnell.

From a charcoal drawing by Alfred Priest, shown at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, February, 1910.

**FOUR VIEWS OF G. K. C.**

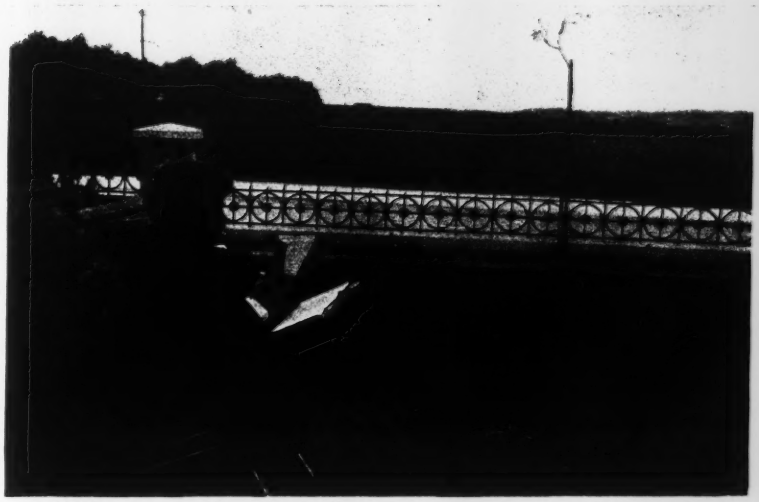
merely cut his throat or move to Chelsea. Nor, certainly, is it enough for a man to approve of Pimlico: for then it will remain Pimlico, which would be awful. The only way out of it seems to be for somebody to love Pimlico: to love it with a transcendental tie and without any earthly reason. If there arose a man who loved Pimlico, then Pimlico would rise into ivory towers and golden pinnacles; Pimlico would attire herself as a woman does when she is loved. For decoration is not given to hide horrible things; but to decorate things already adorable. A mother does not give her child a blue bow because he is so ugly without it. A lover does not give a girl a necklace to hide her neck. If men loved Pimlico as mothers love children, arbitrarily, because it is *theirs*, Pimlico in a year or two might be fairer than Florence. Some readers will say that this is a mere phantasy. I answer that this is the actual history of mankind. This, as a fact, is how cities did grow great. Go back to the darkest roots of civilisation and you will find them knotted round some sacred stone or encircling some sacred well. People first paid honour to a spot and afterwards gained glory for it. Men did not love Rome because she was great. She was great because they had loved her."

**Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Home, "Overroads," Beaconsfield.**

**G. K. Chesterton.**

Nobody will deny that this, so far as it goes, is as true a truth as ever was penned. But, like most other truths, it needs its complementary contradiction. It takes for granted that all things are improvable, and therefore that all things have in them some modicum of lovable quality. But that is hardly so. How are we to "improve" a cobra, an anaconda, or a Trust Magnate? To improve such creatures, in the only possible meaning of the term, would be to increase the measure of their power within the limits of their nature, and so to make them more efficient in maleficence than they already are. The one way really to improve all such "pustulous outgrowths of Nature in a sick fit," as Wendell Holmes called them, is to improve them off the face of creation, to translate the love we bear to all fairer developments of the life force into hatred of them. If Mr. Chesterton is ever to give us the really great work of which he is capable, he must extend his moral gamut. He must recognise that pain fills at least as large a space in life as joy. He must find room for Hate among his hierarchy of virtues.

I have claimed for Mr. Chesterton that he is a provoker of thought. As a matter of fact, there are few writers now working to whom that epithet is more applicable,



**G. K. Chesterton.**

Photo taken at Lowestoft, about 1905.

**G. K. Chesterton.**

Caricature from "Three Living Lions," by Joseph Simpson. (By courtesy of D. J. Rider, St. Martin's Court, W.C.)

few in whose pages might befound more copious material for reflection. I know no stronger or quieter bit of polemics in recent literature than the brief passage—a couple of hundred words or so—in which he knocks the sawdust out of that dreariest of intellectual charlatans, Nietzsche. I have read whole big volumes of sociology, with universally respected names on their title-pages, which did not contain one tithe of the wisdom squeezed into the brief essay on "Patriotism" in the little volume entitled "The Defendant." Here is the gist of a lengthy passage, which nothing but exigencies of space would force me to mutilate:

"It may be taken generally that a man loves his own stock and environment, and that he will find something to praise in it; but whether it is the most praiseworthy thing or no will depend upon the man's enlightenment as to the facts. If the son of Thackeray, let us say, were brought up in ignorance of his father's fame and genius, it is not improbable that he would be proud of the fact that his father was over six feet high. It seems to me that we, as a nation, are precisely in the position of this hypothetical child of Thackeray's. We fall back upon gross and frivolous things for our patriotism, for a simple reason. We are the only people in the world who are not taught in childhood our own literature and our own history. . . . An Englishman must love England for something; consequently, he tends to exalt commerce or prize-fighting. . . . It would not be in the least extraordinary if a claim of eating up provinces and pulling down princes were the chief boast of a Zulu. The extraordinary thing is, that it is the chief boast of a people who have Shakespeare, Newton, Burke, and Darwin to boast of. . . . We have deliberately neglected our high heritage of high national sentiment, we have made our public schools the strongest walls against a whisper of the honour of England. . . . What have we done, and where have we wandered, we that have produced sages who could have spoken with Socrates and poets who could walk with Dante, that we should talk as if we had never done anything more intelligent than form colonics and kick niggers? . . . If we are judged, it will not be for the merely intellectual transgression of failing to appreciate other nations, but for the supreme spiritual transgression of failing to appreciate ourselves."

Were I an arbitrary monarch, I would compel every public-school master and every don of Oxford and Cambridge to get the article from which that passage is selected by heart. If it had no more important effect it might at least serve as a lesson in English style to some amongst them.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on Mr. Chesterton's more obvious talents. He has had many harsh and some unjust things said of him, but I have never heard it denied that he is largely possessed of

**G. K. Chesterton.**

From a life-size painting by Alfred Priest, shown at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, February, 1910.

both wit and humour. They are not the most enviable qualities for an Englishman who desires to be taken seriously, for there is nothing in the world the average Briton so much mistrusts as a "clever" man. The last lesson the average Briton will ever absorb is that which Mr. Chesterton, with a truly pathetic iteration, has more than once expounded to him, that "funny" is merely the opposite of "not funny," and by no means necessarily the opposite of "grave" or "serious." To people of that order of mind, it will never be anything more than a negligible coincidence that Luther and Rabelais were born in the same year.

## AN EARLY LETTER OF COLERIDGE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

I HAVE come across a letter from Samuel Taylor Coleridge to George Dyer in a quarter which is not very familiar to English—or even American—readers. There is no reference to it in Haney's bibliography. It is printed in the *American Publishers' Circular* of June 15, 1863, where the original is said to be in "Mr. Dreer's collection." The hesitations, changes of phrase, erasures, and alterations of various kinds are all reproduced by the types.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE TO GEORGE DYER, LONDON, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Intending to return from day to day I postponed writing to you—I will however delay it no longer.— I am anxious and perturbed beyond measure concerning my proposed ~~Scotch~~ expedition to Scotland— I will pour out my heart before you as water— In the Autumn of last year you know, we formed our American Plan, and with precipitance that did credit to our hearts rather than heads fixed on the coming April as the time of our embarkation. This following circumstances have rendered impracticable—but there are other engagements not so dissoluble. In expectation of emigrating on the Pantisocratic Plan I payed my addresses to a young Lady, whom "οτ" = *αἰνεὶν ἐστι κακοῖοι θεμις*"! Independently of the Love and Esteem which her Person and polished understanding may be supposed to have inspired into a young man, I consider myself as under particular Ties of Gratitude to her. Since in confidence of my affection she has rejected the addresses of two men, one of them of large Fortune—and by her perseverant attachment to me disobliged her Relations in a very uncomfortable Degree. —Perpetually obliged to resist the entreaties and to endure the reproachful admonitions of her Uncle, &c., she vainly endeavours to conceal from me how heavy her heart is with anxiety, how disquieted by suspense— To leave ~~To think of leaving~~ her for two or three years would, I fear, be sacrificing her health and happiness— In short, why should I write circuitously to you? So commanding are the requests of her Relations, that a short Time must decide whether she marries me whom she loves with an affection to the ardour of which my Deserts bear no proportion—or a man whom she strongly dislikes, in spite of his fortune and solicitous attentions to her— These peculiar circumstances she had with her usual Delicacy concealed ~~me~~ from me till my arrival at Bristol.— — — What am I to do with regard to the Earl of Buchan? Am I to live in the house with the Erskines? Is this a necessary accompaniment of Tutorage?— Or could I take Lodgings in Edinburgh or wherever else the young Gentlemen are situated? If, as I suppose, these questions must be answered in

**G. K. Chesterton.**
From a photograph by his Father.

the negative, do you not think it my Duty to decline the offer? Southey is exerting his Influence to procure a situation in London— I am now about to write to Scott at the Telegraph Office to know if I can get a and on
Reporter's Place, ~~and who~~ this wait till I can call forth the Exertions of my Friends— My Subscription work I shall be able to bring out by the Close of the year.— I shall clear more than 100 pounds by it.—Besides, Southey and I have one or two schemes of literary cooperation which we will impart to you in London.—

My dear Sir! believe me, my heart beats high with gratitude to you.—I know you will write to me as to a Brother!

--- ------ Since I have been in Bristol I have endeavoured to disseminate Truth by three political Lectures— I believe, I shall give a fourth— (But the opposition of the Aristocrats is so furious and deter- the
mined, that I begin to fear, that ∧ Good I do is not proportionate to ~~E~~ the Evil I occasion— Mobs and Mayors, Blockheads and Brickbats, Placards and Pressgangs have leagued in horrible conspiracy against me— The Democrats are as sturdy in the support of me—but their number is comparatively small—) Two or three uncouth and unbrained Automata have threatened my Life—and in the last Lecture the Genus infimum were scarcely restrained from attacking the house in which the "damn'd Jacobine was jawing away."

The first Lecture I was obliged to publish, it having asserted
been confidently ~~said~~ that there was Treason in it. Written ~~bet~~ at one sitting between the hours of twelve of
at Night and the Breakfast Time ~~on~~ the day, on which it was delivered, believe me that no literary Vanity prompted me to the printing of it— The reasons which compelled me to publish it forbad me to correct it— Scott will beg your acceptance of as many copies as you may choose to give away— —

I am glad to see your Book advertised—I have orders for Ten— Cottle, the Bookseller here for them—

Southey speaks of you with high esteem and nascent friendship— You will esteem and love him— His Genius and acquirements are uncommonly great yet they bear no proportion to his moral Excellence. He is truly a man of perpendicular virtue a downright upright Republican! He is Christianizing apace—I doubt not, that I shall present him to you right orthodox in the heterodoxy of Unitarianism. to Mr Friend

**"In the dark entrance there appeared a flaming figure."**
From "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane.)

**"King Auberon descended from the omnibus with dignity."**
From "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane.)

present my most grateful respects—God Almighty bless him!—

to Gilbert Wakefield mention my name as of one who remembers him respectfully—

A Pompous Dissenter here says that though he against the divinity of Christ disapproves of the Socinian Rebellion ∧ he must allow that Dr. Disney is an uncommon ~~man~~ character in these the advocate for Liberty days when ——————— and Deist are almost synonimous— "He is at once, Sir, Theophilus and Phileleutheros!

God bless you & your
grateful S. T. COLERIDGE.

No. 25 College Street, Bristol
George Dyer
No 45
Carey Street
Single Lincoln's Inn Fields
London.

The letter seems to me very characteristic, and of some biographical interest. There is no hint here of Mary Evans or of anything but the ardent affection of a young lover who feels that he is carrying off a prize. Perhaps a cynical critic might surmise a feeling of gratified self-love in the poet's references to those whom his sweetheart had rejected for his sake. In the Greek quotation the reference is apparently to the poetic fragment of Aristotle about him who "piously set up an altar of holy friendship for a man *whom it is not lawful for the bad even to praise*"—see Heitz's "Fragmenta Aristotelis" (1869, p. 334) and Bergk's "Poetæ Lyrici Græci," ii. (1882, p. 337). A letter of Coleridge to J. H. Green was sold at the Anderson Auction Rooms in New York on March 1, in which he mentions the christening of his granddaughter and his desire "to stand beside Mrs. Coleridge at this second birth of our common offspring—in proof that the lack of oil or anti-friction powder on our conjugal carriage-wheels did not extend to our parental relations, and in fact after living in the same house with her there are few women that I have a greater respect and ratherish liking for than Mrs. C." The "ratherish liking" of 1832 sounds chilly after the ardours of 1794. It is curious to contrast the religious and political sentiments of this letter with the very different views expounded in the "Table Talk" But Coleridge is not the only great man who has argued vehemently on both sides of many questions.

## THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

*To the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In reviewing my book, Mr. Lang chides me for devoting "too much space to forcing an open door." In his opinion, "every student of history admits that the Church, in Scotland as elsewhere, had been 'grossly corrupt' long before the Reformation." To him and to every serious student of history the door may be an open one; but serious students of history are none too plentiful. The great mass of the people, even of educated people, have not the faintest idea of either the extent or the grossness of pre-Reformation clerical corruption; and Mr. Lang's few vague sentences on the matter, in his "John Knox and the Reformation," are not calculated to give them much enlightenment. When he affirms that, over and above the lists of legitimations, I give "eighty pages of the licentiousness of the clergy," he illustrates anew his chronic inaccuracy and tendency to exaggerate. The chapter devoted to clerical depravity occupies forty-three pages, not eighty. Alike from his suggestion that the causes of the corruption seem a topic better worth insisting on than the notorious facts, and from his statement that the younger and illegitimate sons of kings, nobles, and gentry were thrust into offices for which they were unfit, it might be inferred that I had said little or nothing about the causes of the corruption, and had ignored the evils associated with the conferring of benefices. While firmly believing that the enforced celibacy of the clergy was the chief cause of their profligacy, I have devoted a whole chapter to the conferring of benefices and the evils therewith associated. Mr. Lang apparently is not inclined to blame the enforced celibacy for the woeful condition of the pre-Reformation Church, either in Scotland or elsewhere. "In our day," he says, "we do not, I suppose, hear of more scandals among the celibate clergy than among those of other denominations, whose ministers may marry at will." His eyes might perhaps be opened by the Report of the United States Secretary of War relative to the lands held for ecclesiastical or religious uses in the Philippine Islands; and from such a book as Father Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" he might learn how the evils of enforced celibacy are aggravated by the confessional.

At the present day the Protestant clergy of Britain may not be any better learned than their Roman Catholic brethren on the Continent. And possibly if Mr. Lang were to take three hundred and eleven ministers at random in England or Scotland, he might not find among them a dozen whom he would describe as *insigniter docti*; but it is quite certain that he would not find the bulk of them so deplorably ignorant as were the clergy of Gloucester in 1551. Even in the country manses of Scotland there are many scholarly men, men who have never relaxed their studious habits, although their attention may not have been directed to Minoan

religion; and at no time since the Reformation has the general standard sunk low enough to come within sight of that which sufficed before that great upheaval. It is true that it was "not because they were Catholics, but because they were listless hangers-on of a wealthy ecclesiastical corporation," that "the vast majority of the churchmen were as ignorant as the ordinary Sunday-school child." But there was something radically wrong with the "wealthy ecclesiastical corporation," *alias* "the Holy Catholic Church," when she allowed so many ignorant and utterly incapable men to be enrolled in the ranks of her clergy; and, as I have shown in my book, the Popes were not blameless in the matter.

Mr. Lang's "miracles of the saints of the covenant" were not only infinitely fewer in number, but infinitely less astounding in their nature than those of the mediæval Scottish saints. The post-Reformation belief in witchcraft was derived from the pre-Reformation Church; and although the known prosecutions of the poor wretches in Scotland after the Reformation very far outnumber those before it, that may be partly due to the loss of the records. When Mr. Lang speaks of persecution he does not seem to remember that before the Reformation burning was not the only punishment inflicted upon heretics; nor that those who had been suspected of heresy, although received to penance and grace, were debarred from office. The pre-Reformation conspicuous burnings were accompanied by "a steady grinding tyranny." No reasonable man would now attempt to vindicate all the measures adopted at and after the Reformation; but Mr. Lang gives a grossly misleading one-sided view when he says "the Reformation was unchristian in its methods; that is the short and the long of it." His sweeping statement that "the dominance of preachers" was responsible in Scotland for "more than a century of unrest and war" is also untenable.

**"'Whiskers,' he answered sternly, 'Whiskers.'"**
From "The Club of Queer Trades," by G. K. Chesterton. (Harper & Brothers.)

**"Discussing Religion with the Booking-Office Clerk."**
From "The Club of Queer Trades," by G. K. Chesterton. (Harper & Brothers.)

Surely it is permissible to point out that the most beautiful buildings could be acquired at too great a cost, and that in some cases unholy means were used to obtain the necessary funds, without having the statement construed as a defence of destruction. Though Melrose Abbey was burned by the English and St. Andrews Cathedral was not, there are no doubt satisfactory explanations why more of the one church survives than of the other. The stone of Melrose is certainly better; the climate is, I imagine, less trying; the foundations were probably much better, which they might easily be; and the local necessities throughout the centuries may have been very different. Spottiswoode's two accounts are inconsistent. In the one he says "all the churches were either defaced or pulled to the ground," and in the other he does not say that any were pulled down, but that all were rifled, etc. Mr. Lang does not agree with me in thinking that Spottiswoode's statement is grossly exaggerated, and so he

asks: "Then what *did* become of the lead and the timber, and where *are* the churches of which Spottiswoode speaks?" That some were stripped of their lead I have otherwise proved; but in those days, as in the present, comparatively few were covered with lead. I have shown that a century after the date assigned by Spottiswoode for the defacing or pulling down of all the churches, there were still so many standing that Petrie argued that no necessary church had been thrown down at the Reformation. The subsequent disappearance of a very large percentage of those standing in Petrie's time may, as I have suggested, be accounted for by accident, by natural decay accelerated by neglect, by frequent repairs and extensive alterations, and by the necessity of more accommodation or more convenient situations. Regarding the destruction, Mr. Lang asserts that I make the best case I can for my "clients." My only client in the matter was truth, and it was my steadfast aim to set forth the facts as impartially as possible, whether they were in favour of the Reformers or against them. It is very likely that, in dealing with such a multitude of facts and details, I may have overlooked or forgotten a few important ones on both sides of the account, but the omission of any such was certainly not wilful.

I am, etc.,

D. HAY FLEMING.

EDINBURGH, *April* 15, 1910.

## SOME MODERN PICTURES.

OVER familiarity with the art critic has, with a great many quite reasonable persons, developed into contempt. The stock phrases he uses are as common as certain railway station advertisements, and we are all of us weary of his technical "terms," which are the recognised trade-marks of an overcrowded profession. We are bound to have a surfeit of him during the present month, and it would be unkind to add much more to the already onerous burden of "art criticism" supported patiently by the reading public. But there is one aspect of modern painting which, becoming more prominent as it does every year, needs something which does not belong so much to criticism as to straightforward honest protest—an aspect which, if constantly and persistently turned to the world's view, must in time contaminate and damage the whole spirit of Art as seriously as a blight would damage an orchard in spring. This aspect displays itself in two forms—one of subject, the other of colour. Not only do some of our modern artists, with and without "names," choose morbid or offensive subjects for treatment, but they show a depraved taste for similar morbidity in colour. The fresh, pure wholesomeness of nature seems to have deserted their palettes—and many an otherwise skilled brush appears to have been purposely dipped in stagnant mud. The worst of the whole business is that "art critics," never too ready to praise true genius or to give merit where merit is due, often take an unholy pleasure in selecting glaring faults of taste for special eulogy in the Press. The man who paints when he is manifestly unable to draw, is selected as "unique" or "subtle"—the morbid or indecent picture is singled out for its "technique" or its "*nuances*," and the public, always sheep-like, is thus insensibly led to accept works which are utterly guiltless of truth or feeling, as something "new," provocative and expressive of the best English art of the present day.

Taking them in the mass, the English public are singularly deficient in correct conceptions of good art. Certes, they go to the National Gallery, where some of the noblest specimens of painting in the world are to be seen, but very few of them learn anything, or do more than stare and wonder—the bulk of them perhaps questioning why a special length of canvas with something painted thereon should be held so valuable and beyond all price, when one can get such a lot of mere "pictures" with a Christmas number for a shilling! The great shining names of the dead-and-gone painters mean very little to the man in the street. Education, refinement, and culture must all be brought into play before he can understand the greatness of the art he is called upon to admire or to criticise. Here comes in the necessity for teaching him properly. He must be first trained to see nature clearly before he can properly appreciate nature's true representation in the work of the painter's brush. He must know what the earth looks like in all seasons—he must perceive the varying hues and delicate tracery of trees—he must note the ever-moving gorgeous panorama of sky and sea, and all the lovely things of life—before he can comprehend the genius of men who can set down these things in faultless line and colour—men who can cause the ephemeral beauty of a day to stay with us for two or three hundred years. And on the other hand a serious responsibility rests upon such "art critics" who, fully knowing they have to deal in the main with the primitive raw material of untrained brains, lead the passively negative mind astray into accepting as "art" what is entirely opposed to every idea of fitness and sense of truth. When Ruskin passionately eulogised Turner and showed the world how great a genius it possessed in that previously misunderstood man, he performed a great service to humanity; but when the art-critic of to-day goes to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, for instance, and deliberately selects

**Melbourne Hall.**

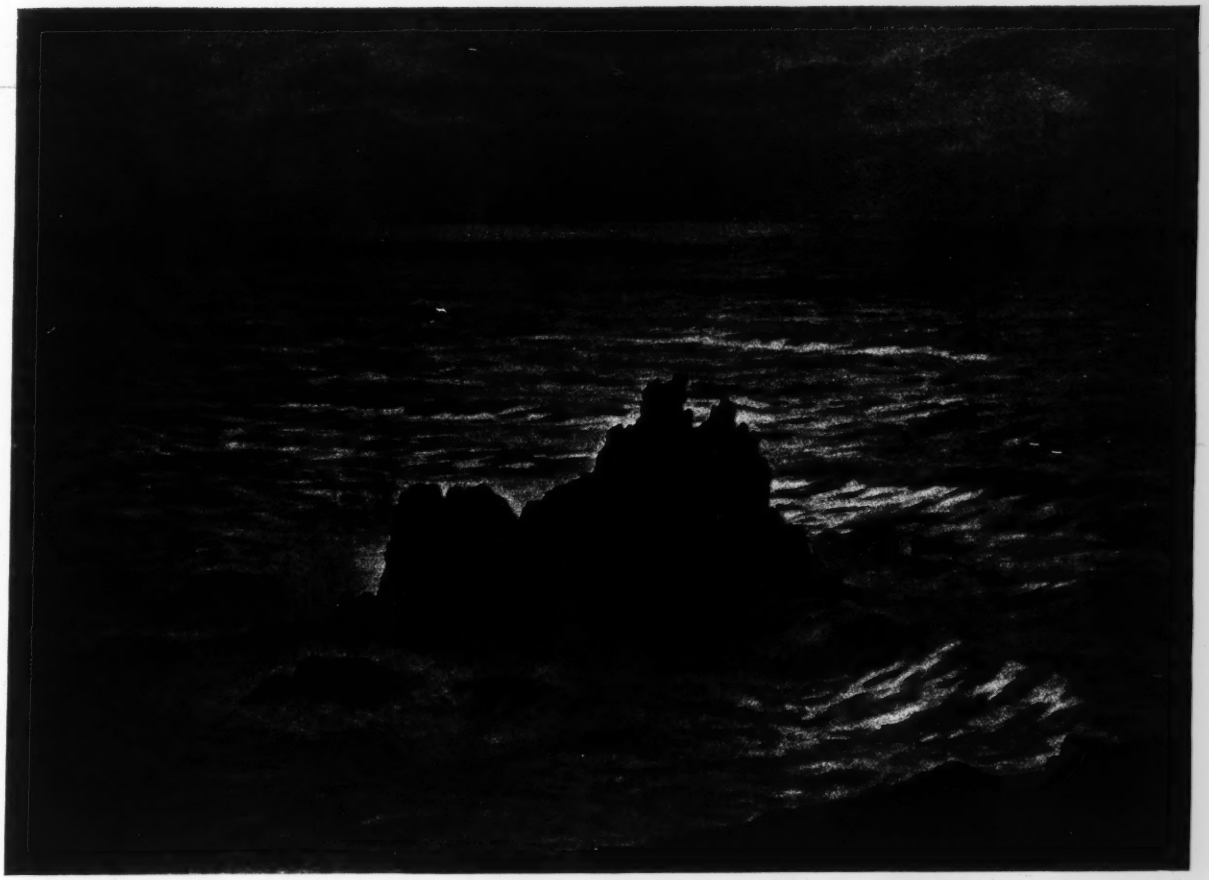
By George S. Elgood, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

such a work as that of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, entitled "O'er the waste of waters," for particular notice merely because it happens to occupy a large space on the wall, he does an unkindness to the public by attempting to persuade them that the sea is like nothing so much as a moveless mass of lead. One can only suppose that such an oracle of the Press has never had the chance to pass any length of time at the seaside, and that he himself is, therefore, ignorant of the appearance of that mighty element which "engulfs ships as straws and human lives as foam bells." Never surely was there a sea like Mr. Wilkinson's except in the days of volcanic eruption, when we may suppose this earth to have lain gasping like a new-born child between fire and water—when Ocean paused, uncertain whether to become land, and land shuddered in the making lest it should melt into sea. It is indeed an impossible "waste of waters," with impossible iron-clads upon it, like mean factory chimneys smoking on the edge of a desolate "Black Country." Of course there may be "things" in it—as some kindly artists would say—"things" not without merit—but as a whole the picture is deplorable. The deplorability of it is not so much in itself, as for the libel on the sea which it perpetrates. We understand that Mr. Wilkinson is particularly happy in "poster" work. In all kindness we recommend him to stick to that line.

It is of the present Exhibition, the hundred and first, of the Society of Painters in Water Colours that we desire at the immediate moment to write, in a manner which may or may not be accepted as a well-intentioned warning. The Gallery contains works which ought never to have been admitted, and which, but for some extraordinary leniency on the part of the Hanging Committee, would surely have been curtly returned to the misguided "artists" who imagined them worthy of exhibition. It may here be gently pointed out once again, as it has often been pointed out before, that the nude in art is not always beautiful—on the contrary it may be distinctly offensive, as it is in the case of an "effort" in white by Charles P. Sainton, entitled "Gloire de Dijon." One cannot help wondering why this was ever painted. The Catalogue says, "for price apply to Secretary," but we can scarcely imagine any one being very eager to respond to this invitation. It should be mentioned that this unimpressive "Gloire" is hung near one of the few gems in the Exhibition—"The Armed Knight Rock, Land's End"—by Arthur Severn, who has been known for many years as a painter *par excellence* of the loveliest side of natural things. One easily recalls of this poetic artist what Ruskin wrote of him: "He is doing quite splendid work. I am entirely taken aback by his rapidity and technical knowledge . . . he did in half an hour this afternoon as much as I could have done in a day, and better in all essential ways." It may be accident or mere coincidence that both the pictures exhibited by Mr. Severn this year are set in juxtaposition to inferior works, which by their "high lights" and crude treatment succeed in very much diminishing the effect of the exquisite colouring for which this famous painter is renowned. We are, of course, aware that every Hanging Committee is more than careful to do justice to each and every artist; otherwise we should be tempted to fancy that such marked injustice to the perfect composition and pure atmosphere of this beautiful "Land's End" seascape is the result of some very culpable negligence. However, nothing—not even the objectionable "Gloire de Dijon" nudity pressed close to the outer edge of its frame—can entirely do away with the charm of this fine picture, in which the sea is a living, moving thing, aglow with the feeling and expression of Swinburne's lines:

> "The great sea, faultless as a flower,
> Throbs, trembling under beam and breeze."

Another lovely dream of colour by Mr. Severn is "Bellaggio"—a scene that has been often, but never better, painted. This again is affronted by the close companionship of the picture of a distressing damsel



**"Armed Knight" Rock, Land's End.**

By Arthur Severn, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

**Bellaggio, from Cadenabbia, at Sunset.**

By Arthur Severn, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

**Tintagel Castle.**

By J. Aumonier, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

in a bright mauve garment with gold clasps—the bright mauve and glaring yellow coming against the "Bellaggio" in such a way as to well-nigh kill the delicate purple and pale rose of the Italian sunset, and almost quash the soft glint of the ripples in the lake so faithfully depicted. One may just say, *en passant*, that these two pictures, badly surrounded and badly hung as they are, can be at once lifted out of the ruck as apart from everything else in the Exhibition. They are pictures "to live with"—bits of nature taken with what may be termed a bold and gracious tenderness out of her storehouse of treasure and given to the world purely as of the best. They are lessons in the beauty of both nature and art—lessons which students of painting will be all the better for having. No trace of the fatal "morbidity" which distinguishes what is called "impressionist" art is in these—they are true as the very sunshine and wholesome as the fresh air. With our "Modern Painters" to refer to, it would be shame to us if we were unable to perceive the intellectual beauty and true feeling of Mr. Severn's work, which has already won deserved fame, and we may add that it would have been quite unnecessary to dwell upon the peculiar quality of poetic genius he is known to possess, as well as his faultless technique, but for the fact that the general output in the Exhibition this year is so far below his standard of excellence that one can but "point the moral to adorn the tale."

Much place and circumstance are given to the works of the late E. J. Gregory, R.A., once President of the Royal Institute. With the utmost consideration for the dead-and-gone artist, we cannot feel that he will ever be remembered among the Immortals. One or two of the very small figure studies are charmingly painted, but mean nothing except a lesson in technique. We are not among those who desire that a picture should "tell a story"—in fact, that idea has always seemed to us rather productive of bad art—but "meaning" is a diamond with a thousand facets, and we cannot feel that even the smallest of these is discernible in Gregory's work.

The present President, Sir James Linton, exhibits a picture entitled "The Improvisatore," in which he appears to have devoted his entire attention to the details of the costumes worn by his group of figures. The painting of velvet, slashed sleeves and embroideries is doubtless clever, but scarcely the highest art, and we have seen quite as admirable costume detail as that rendered by Sir James Linton produced in

**Peat Bog, Isle of Skye.**

By E. Davies, R.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

**The Improvisatore.**

By Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

the specimen plates of fancy dress sent out by trade firms who make this branch of designing part of their business. The "Improvisatore" is supposed to be relating a story *à la Boccaccio* to some mediævally attired persons under a tree; he himself is weightily clothed, and wears a headgear closely resembling a fool's cap, while one of his legs bent under him in a kneeling position on the grass is trousered in stripes suggestive of the modern negro minstrel on Margate sands. The listening group are five in number, three women and two men, and what at once strikes the most casual spectator is the extraordinary similarity which exists between all five faces; one is almost exactly the counterpart of the other, barring the touch of a line or two. Surely there is some deficiency of imagination here? And we are bound to confess that we have never seen a tree growing quite like the tree in this picture, with branches so curiously merged *into* the trunk rather than springing *from* it. However, it may be all right for that particular kind of tree, which we ignorantly fail to recognise, yet the result is hardly satisfactory. Moreover, to speak frankly, the whole subject of the picture lacks interest. Sir James Linton could do better if he chose. Let us hope he will.

Story-telling painters are too numerous by far, and greatly predominate in every art exhibition, to the regret of many, particularly when the morbid or sensual note is struck, as it too often is with undesirable harshness. Something of a "story," we presume, is intended to be conveyed to the mind as well as to the eye by "The Musician" (Oswald Moser, R.I., R.O.I.), an ambitious attempt with lamentable results. Any man seated at a piano in such a foolishly affected attitude would excite the laughter of the profane—and there is nothing in the face of the "musician" that suggests the slightest knowledge or conception of music. It is a singularly inept work, and we are afraid the price demanded for it (£200) is out of all proportion to its merits. The pathetic part of it is that its painter should really be able to delude himself with the flattering idea that it is worth the money. Nothing can well be sadder or more instructive.

How much more worthy of praise is the exquisite little gem, "Melbourne Hall," by George S. Elgood—quite an apparently unambitious picture, and yet perfect of its kind in its soft colouring and harmonious treatment. The peace of the old-world garden with its high yew hedges, its picturesque stone fountain and its lovely smooth greensward, is conveyed to the mind with such consummate care and delicacy as to instantly impress us with the sense of rest and beauty. Here, as in the work of Arthur Severn, there is no "straining after effect"—it is all natural, reposeful, pure and unforced. "Tintagel Castle," by J. Aumonier, is an ambitious attempt to depict a very grand subject, and much of the picture is so well done that one regrets it is not more entirely satisfactory. The hard line of the horizon is an unfortunate blemish. The "Peat Bog, Isle of Skye," by Edward Davies, is a very excellent little picture, very true and decidedly well-intentioned. All these are much better in their unforced simplicity than attempted eccentricities such as "The Green Dress," by Miss L. L. Gloag, a picture which, if it has done nothing else, has furnished subject for some little amused discussion. The subject is a very plain woman in a striped green silk dress—and without doubt the dress is remarkably well painted. But—*cui bono?* Who wishes to be confronted on the wall of any room with a picture of this kind? Miss Gloag has started out to be, as she thinks, "original"—a fatal ambition to begin with; she has even had her picture framed so that the head of her subject almost touches the inner mould of the frame, and the "green dress," arranged in wide folds and crumpled here and there like a collapsible balloon, occupies nearly all the canvas. It is against things of this kind—unnecessary and ugly things—in painting that we venture to protest. The spirit which, like some mischievous goblin, has lately entered the minds of some modern artists to persuade them that they must "out-nature naturalness" and strive after "sensation" in painting, is becoming a real

danger, and we fear many of them are running serious risks of forgetting that to attain true greatness in art they need that profound and devout humility which teaches them that to rightly conceive beautiful things in form and colour as God, the Master-Artist, presents them to the receptive eye and soul, they must altogether withdraw the obtrusive Self which makes havoc of the noblest dreams. Desire for notoriety, struggle for Press approval, and worse than all, that latent conceit which back of all other feelings does sometimes so inflate the student that he takes his errors for "originality" and his faults of taste for "genius"—all these things must be sternly quashed if any improvement is to be forthcoming in the quality of most of the works exhibited at the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. And there needs to be a more rigorous ban set against wholly effete and inadequate work, as well as the exertion of much greater care and judgment on the part of the Hanging Committee. Otherwise far stronger criticism than we have here ventured to exercise may in time be levied against a most useful, admirable, and praiseworthy Society, which should at this time, after a hundred and one Exhibitions, be in a position to show only the highest and noblest work, and to give the lead to all that is of the best in that particularly beautiful, powerful, and delicate branch of art for the encouragement of which it exists, and for which by this time it should be more than widely renowned.

# New Books.

## STERNE.*

In taking up a biographical study by Mr. Walter Sichel one is, at any rate, safe beforehand from some of the trials which too frequently await the reader of modern biographies. The book is not likely to be a mere compilation, more or less diligent, from previous writings on the subject, nor a respectable but uninspired exploring of MSS., nor (worst of all, and unfortunately now commonest of all) an album for the reception of more or less prettily processed illustrations, where the manufacturer has, unluckily, not had the courage to allow the interleaving pages to remain blank, but has filled them with utterly unimportant letterpress. "Sterne: A Study" is illustrated, and very well illustrated; but the illustrations are, as they should be, subsidiary to the text and not *vice versa*. For these various reliefs we owe the author much thanks; the sum whereof is further increased by the service he has done in printing, not in absolute, but in practical completeness, the famous, but by few people yet read, "Journal to Eliza."

And yet, before coming to details, and without direct reference to them, one must acknowledge some disappointment with the book as a whole in regard to its form and character. It has been granted escape from some common contemporary faults in this respect; but it has succumbed to another. No period—since the "general reader" came into existence, and "general literature" obediently came into existence likewise to supply his demands—has been free from the book which would have been much better as an essay, and the long essay which would have been much better as a short one; but this present time is very specially beset by these things. It may seem ungracious, but one cannot help thinking that if Mr. Sichel, instead of writing two hundred and ninety pages about Sterne (the rest of the book contains the Journal, etc.) had contented himself with the odd ninety, or perhaps less, it would have been much better. For he does not give, and does not make the slightest pretence of giving, a complete biography of "Tristram," he is constantly referring the reader to Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Cross and others. Still less does he give, or pretend to give, a regular critical examination of the Works. There is not the slightest reason why one should insist on the giving in either case, and there is every reason for lauding his abstinence from the pretension to give. But two hundred and ninety pages, if short for a picture, are rather long for a "study"; and, in a third or a quarter of the space, Mr. Sichel could, one thinks, have put his view much more clearly, effectively, and, in a wide sense, artistically.

For he has a view to give us; and while he has also other things (such as the knitting-in of the recently published correspondence of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Sterne's cousin), his view is, on the whole, the most important justification of the book, though to the present writer it seems a wrong one, and though Mr. Sichel himself does not succeed in making it out quite consistently. It is not, of course, in all parts original, and could not be. Mr. Sichel, like others, regards Sterne as the father of the "eccentric" novel; like others, he dwells on his "Meissonier-like" detail; and though he works out the theory of Sterne's "impressionism" more fully, perhaps, than any predecessor, he has been virtually anticipated by critics of Sterne before. Nor has he sought originality in the most unoriginal (and now exceedingly common and commonplace) process of waiving all discussion of his author's moral character. Indeed, Mr. Sichel will certainly scandalise our exponents of the cant of non-morality, though his own criticism of Sterne in this respect seems to us mistaken. The "idea" of the book is that those who insist on the essentially histrionic and deliberate character of Sterne's attitude in temper and style are wrong—that his impressionism was genuine and temperamental; that it practically coloured, if it did not wholly cause, his "sensibility," his style, his conduct itself. Without elaborate quotation it would be difficult to show how Mr. Sichel makes this out; but it is certainly the motive and dominant of his book, always recurring. And it is quite interesting enough to have been, as it might have been in a shorter handling, enforced more definitely, and freed from the dilutions or overlayings of narrative, criticism, and extract.

Not that—as it seems at least to the present writer, who has been familiar with Sterne for a long time, and who had formed, as it happens, his opinion before he ever read what Mr. Sichel rather rashly calls Thackeray's "shallow estimate"—this attempt to put a new value on Tristram will do. It has been hinted that, even as put forward by Mr. Sichel himself, it is not wholly consistent. He talks, for instance, of the "essential unreality" of Sterne. One agrees with him almost completely, though with the reservation that genius is always, in some way, real. But how is this consistent with his view that his author is also "perfectly sincere"? Of

* "Sterne: A Study." To which is added the Journal to Eliza. By Walter Sichel. 8s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

course, by the cheap juggle of contemporary epigram (from which, by the way, Mr. Sichel does not keep himself quite as uncontaminated as he might) you can get the two things into cohabitation; but not otherwise. Sincerity confers reality. Elsewhere Mr. Sichel talks of Sterne's "sickly rosiness," of his having "a human face, a human voice, but a fish's tail instead of legs." Again, one need not disagree; but how do these things themselves agree together?

The cause of the error, or rather of the insufficiency of the view—for there is an element of truth in it—seems to be that Mr. Sichel is not sufficiently attentive to the *distinguo*. He repeatedly compares Sterne to Heine; whereas to the present writer, at least, it is hardly possible to conceive two persons more different in everything, except that they were both humorists, and both rather fond of shocking people. He more than once speaks of "Smollett and Fielding" in opposition to Sterne. Now the resemblances of Fielding and Smollett are of the most superficial character; their differences are sharply drawn and profound to the bottomless. But perhaps the most remarkable indication of the fact that Mr. Sichel does not see differences with sufficient acuteness is to be found in his handling of the unsavoury subject of Sterne's unsavouriness.

It is not that he defends this, for he does not; as has been said, he will certainly be accused of prudishness by some people. But he mistakes its essence. It is, according to him, "a *blithe* goblin grossness," it is not "putrid" or "prurient"; it is Boccaccio-like. There is nothing about it that "corrupts, infects, or contaminates." "Compared with Hall Stevenson, his worst page seems almost stainless." Now this (as Sterne would certainly say to himself if he read it, with his own peculiar smile) is evidently elaborated from the subject's own defence of himself in the well-known comparison to the child rolling about on the floor. But it is more vulnerable than that, inasmuch as it is worked out in detail and varied with imagery and further comparison, in a fashion which Sterne himself was too cunning to employ. Mr. Sichel would seem not to know the difference between a laugh and a snigger; between blithe grossness and unclean suggestion. As a matter of fact we should say that Sterne is very rarely "gross"; innuendo and grossness hardly consist together. Grossness, too, if certainly not a property, is, at any rate, a corruption of virility; and Mr. Sichel admits that Sterne was never virile. Boccaccio is gross and generally amusing therewith. Hall Stevenson is gross and by no means generally amusing. Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, are gross and great: scores of other writers have grossness with varying degrees of greatness. But Sterne, while seldom, as has been said, exactly gross, contrives, in the numerous passages which contain an element resembling grossness in subject, to be infinitely little. The comparison of "chalking up naughty words" is an old one; but it is too good for him. He chalks up half a naughty word or a naughty word with letters omitted—and runs away. Nevertheless he was in other ways a very great genius; and one cannot help feeling a kindness for any one who takes up the cudgels on his side. If only Mr. Sichel could have avoided that cracked old bludgeon—abusing the defendant's wife! That "my L——" was an angel, even in polyanthus-time, is exceedingly improbable. That she had a temper seems certain; and that temper as certainly had grand opportunities of developing and exercising itself. The one positive fault which seems to be justly chargeable on her is a certain extravagance in the wandering years of her separation from her husband; but as that husband was extremely glad to be rid of her, there was some excuse. For the rest, the Montagu letters contain nothing really serious; John Croft's tattle is most emphatically "not evidence"; and if appeal is to be made to Eliza Draper (who is actually complimentary to her manners if not otherwise), Heaven help us all! Jesus the son of Surach said a great many wise things; but he never said any

**Mrs. Sterne.**

From the original portrait in crayons by Francis Cotes, in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkin.
From "Sterne," by Walter Sichel. (Williams & Norgate.)

**Laurence Sterne.**

From the original oil painting in the possession of Theodore Blake Wirgman, Esq.
From "Sterne," by Walter Sichel. (Williams & Norgate.)

wiser than this: "Neither consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous."

There are many other novel things in Mr. Sichel's book which one would like to discuss. He thinks that that interesting shadow Kitty de Fourmentelle exercised influence up to the advent of the much less interesting "Bramine." But though the possible identity of "Dear, dear Jenny" with "Dear, dear Kitty" at one time has struck most attentive readers, is it safe to carry that identity right through? The contrary could be made more probable. Nor does it seem very likely that the name "Tristram" was taken from the lover of Yseult, that Kitty was Yseult herself, and that Uncle Jaques Sterne was Mark! But this fancifulness adds a certain flavour to the book which is by no means disagreeable; and it is one which all lovers of Sterne should read, and which should send them yet once more to the queer, questionable, inimitable, though often imitated "Great and Little Testaments of Tristram," as they might not ill be called. A few notes to finish with. In the description of Skelton Castle as "*South* Yorkshire" there is an obvious misprint of "South" for "North," and there is another in the quotation "*ne*grotus" for "*ae*grotus," from the "very sad dog-Latin letter" which Mr. Sichel rightly puts at or about 1761, instead of six years later. If the striking portrait of Mrs. Sterne given here be really the same that Hawthorne described as "haughty and unamiable," as "an awful woman," his judgment is odd. It is thoughtful and determined, no doubt, but by no means unamiable, remarkably young-looking for the supposed age, and far from unattractive.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE NATURAL POET.*

Mr. W. H. Davies' new poems reveal no new qualities to those who know his other books, but as they are so few that these books are still in their first editions, it may be necessary to repeat what has been said before. The title piece causes no alarm. It is due to one of those moods, probably common to lyric poets in particular, where the writer realises that his work is out of his control and fears that it cannot be continued. It may be that Mr. Davies is now doing the best he will ever do. "Nature Poems," his last book of poems, was finer as a whole and in its parts than the others, and it can hardly be excelled. But "Farewell to Poesy" is equal to it, though it might be disputed which of the two contains the best single piece. His only dangers appear to be that of repeating himself—for example, in using the contrasts between town and country, duty and vagrancy, too often—and of writing long poems. His range has never been and will never be great. He does not get beyond a few simple emotions and moods of his own, in solitude, or with Nature, a woman or a child, and Life has no problems which must or can be solved by him, nor Nature any mystery which he must try to penetrate. In "Fancy," one of those long poems welcomed chiefly because they contain half a dozen or more short ones, he shows us the pleasures of his life, so long as Fancy, his "life's Love," is with him. So soon as she is gone, despondency comes to his heart:

> "And perched on it, e'en as a Hell's black rook
> Will stand upon the head of a white Ewe."

That is a simple, vivid image, felt by a man who would have believed in witchcraft and magic a few generations ago, but of their simplicity and vividness comes his poetry, and when they are clouded he must sing:

> "Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb?
> I loved thee as my captive bird,
> That sang me songs when spring was gone,
> And birds of freedom were not heard;
> Nor dreamt thou would'st turn false and cold
> When needed most, by men grown old.
>
> "Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb?
> I fear thy singing days are gone;
> The poet in my soul is dying,
> And every charm in life is gone;
> In vain birds scold and flowers do plead—
> The poet dies, his heart doth bleed."

The mood is not new to him. It is the fear of losing poetry and fancy that makes it so bitter, not the departure itself. In the next poem it reaches vaguely its expression:

> "And now, when merry winds do blow,
> And rain makes trees look fresh,
> An overpowering staleness holds
> This mortal flesh.
>
> "Though I do love to feel the rain,
> And be by winds well blown—
> The mystery of mortal life
> Doth press me down."

Freshness and simplicity are such obvious qualities in Mr. Davies that his others are in danger of being overlooked. In—

> "Gone are the days of canvas sails!
> No more great sailors tell their tales
> In country taverns, barter pearls
> For kisses from strange little girls,"

and in the drinking song—

> "Ye who have nothing to conceal,
> Come, honest boys, and drink with me,"

the simplicity has an archaism, doubtless quite unconscious, which is part of its charm and is far removed from a really modern simplicity, like Walt Whitman's. There is one quality usually combined with his simplicity which is superficially unlike it and might even be opposed to it by some. I do not know what to call it; but it is actually akin to simplicity, if it be not simplicity itself playing truant; and I believe that only a simple man could have written the conclusion of the "Milkmaid's Song"—he has asked her to marry him as she sang over her pail:

> "She laughed in scorn, and tossed her head.
> And she had milked the crimson flood
> E'en to my heart's last drop of blood."

Only simplicity could be unaware of the barriers which common sense can see between this and itself. There are places where this faculty—or absence of control—strays so deep that, as in "The Kingfisher," it leads almost to a new myth:

> "It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
> And left thee all her lovely hues;
> And, as her mother's name was Tears,
> So runs it in thy blood to choose
> For haunts the lonely pools and keep
> In company with trees that weep."

I enjoy this heartily, but am not sure if it is not rather fancy still working than poetry achieved. Closely allied to this quality is a charming artificiality probably due to a combination of nature and memory of books, as in

> "My Love she is so fair
> When in this angry way,
> That did she guess my thoughts,
> She'd quarrel every day."

This artificiality is part of Mr. Davies' simplicity. For it is of the essence of simplicity that it is without fear. The improbable, the unusual, the hackneyed, the grotesque, are not known to it by their names. Hence the wide, vague, indescribable beauty of

> "The Sun that sank long since
> At Severn's Mouth, with that great sail of gold
> That covered all the west."

* "Farewell to Poesy." By William H. Davies. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

Hence the huge scale of this, which is so effective :

> "Since June
> Has sent forth one white hair to draw the black
> Into that treason which dethrones my youth."

Hence, too, the slips of grammar and syntax in his work, the formality of words and phrases and apparently bookish fancies adopted and made real as Blake adopted ornament. These are trifles. They are the very low price which he has to pay for his freedom of the world visible and invisible, and the unique beauty of his poetry.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## TINSEL AND GOLD.*

Say what we will, it is the optimists among us, the men who contrive to keep young in an age that is lamentably old, to whom we lend our most cheerful attention. We seek their company in social intercourse, we turn to them for refreshment, if they are writers of fiction, after a surfeit of realism and reality. Art is largely a matter of lies, declared wise old Plato, and the child's instinct of make-believe persists in the most disillusioned adult. We love the author who can make a fairyland out of the existence that seems to most of us so drab and humdrum ; we admire the brave soul that can discover romance and adventure in dull streets and beauty in the humblest home or the vulgarest calling. That is why our hearts go out to Mr. Gilbert Chesterton ; here, too, we have the key to the popularity of such a novelist as Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. This world of ours is a wonderful place in Mr. Calthrop's eyes ; like the poet, the sentimentalist he is, he sees man's heroism, woman's love, children's smiles everywhere, and he pronounces it all good. The vulgar and shabby vices of latter-day society he looks past and through—they are things negative and irrelevant ; what are the realities for him are men's and women's struggles after what is decent and chivalrous and kind—such he will match with the glories of sunset, the grace of a flower, the masterpieces of art.

Readers will find this view of life reflected in his latest novel, "Tinsel and Gold," which aims at showing us what largeness of heart, what strength of goodness, what generosity of love may be latent in a music-hall actress whose speech is slangy, whose taste is faulty, whose manners are so much suspected by her peer-husband that he keeps their union a secret and is sure that, were she ever acknowledged as his wife, she would involve him in constant humiliation. In point of fact he is entirely mistaken, for when at last she conquers the young prig's affections and is admitted to the society of his class, to mix with which it must be allowed she has carefully trained herself, she wins her way everywhere and takes the county by storm.

Mr. Calthrop's manner of telling his story shows a marked advance on the artistry of his earlier and charming novel, "Everybody's Secret." The plot is worked out with more deftness and ease, the dialogue reveals fewer marks of the file, the main features of his characters are revealed at once with an economy of effort ; and in at least two instances, those of the heroine herself and of Tom Ashley, a foolish young spendthrift who has wasted his substance on chorus-girls and stage hangers-on and takes to drink, he has drawn types—and those true types of to-day—on bold, big lines. Moreover, while retaining his own happy lightness of touch he exhibits in this tale—and that over a scene of violent altercation and murder which might have been but is not spoilt by sensationalism—a sense of drama so strong as to suggest that he may have a future before him as a playwright.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "Tinsel and Gold." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

## THE PAINTER'S CRAFT.*

Whether any one of the figurative arts can be taught by precept only is a moot matter. In their case, more than any other, is a little example of much more account. The "way to do the thing" is always something beyond words—beyond the written method. It was a "way" which even the cave-dweller had doubtless to learn by looking over the shoulder of his fellow, at work graving a mammoth upon bone or stone. And even the boy-genius, Giotto, drawing his sheep upon a scrap of slate, would he have advanced beyond that intuitive beginning had his discoverer but set him right by word of mouth instead of carrying him away with him to see ?

In spite of these reflections, the author of this book has put himself to the task of telling how to draw and how to paint, with kindness and sincerity. And if there be in these islands any one so far removed from his fellow-men as to have to interpret the advice here given wholly by himself, even he, or she, would be given by these pages a beginning. And for all not so unfortunately placed, who by example have already learnt the elements of the art, this book is an invaluable statement of what one of the distinguished painters of the day advises. And it seems for the most part very sound advice. Mr. Solomon is not one of those who believe that the copious experimental art of the present day, done by all manner of original device, is likely to have much permanent value ; being work which is often enough rich in genius, but in technique has clearly missed the mark. Indeed, his taste is plainly with the practice of the Old Masters ; and especially he approves of their ancient habit of preparing their design first in monochrome, thereafter "scumbling" and "glazing" with more or less transparent colour up to that perfect and luminous completion which is so wanting to most of the "direct" painting of to-day.

* "The Practice of Oil Painting." By Solomon J. Solomon, R.A. 6s. net. (Seeley.)

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

**Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.**

Few of the general public possibly have ever had the least suspicion of these unlike methods. Few have any idea that to paint a picture by laying the pigment on full-hued from the first was but for the most part an innovation of the century gone by. This practice is the offspring of the modern spirit—that spirit of so-called liberty and self-expression which often are but other names for haste and recklessness. The desire to be original and vigorous, and so to impress the public with your powers, overrides all else, capturing for the hour attention which will be wondered at in the years to come.

To point out thus much is of course not to deny the brilliant merit of much of the "direct" painting done to-day; it is but to remind the world once more of the glorious work done in the past by a slower and more patient method, which gave those older works their far more perfect face. And the author of this book does not hesitate to suggest a doubt whether the depression in the picture market from which the modern picture-maker suffers is not largely due to this very want of "face" which the modern practice fosters. It is in the nature of man in the long run to like—however much he may be told he ought not—the thing which has a rich and smiling surface.

Perhaps the comparison between the "prepared" and the "direct" methods of painting is never more painfully revealed than by the attempts of students to copy by the latter style the old works wrought by the former. Which reflection accounts consolingly for the distressing shocks one has to suffer on entering one of the great galleries on a day devoted to those desperate efforts.

To add to the above valuable precepts, the author takes his reader for a promenade through the National Collection in Trafalgar Square, dissecting the charms of many of the most noted works. And a large number of photographic reproductions make this journey serviceable even to those afar from the metropolis. Especially excellent and useful is his analysis of composition as illus trated in that most superb of all examples, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian. For is not this question of composition too often the great weakness of our Northern Art? Again and again, upon the walls of our exhibitions, one sees tone, colour-harmony, and light and shade, and draughtsmanship perfected, but the convincing force of composition sadly absent. But perhaps this is the one and only thing that almost cannot be taught. It is the paradoxical quality which makes a picture self-standing and complete in its own world, yet part of a world beyond it.

This surely is a book which should be of immense service to all who, placed by circumstance afar from the schools, would yet be painters.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

---

## HOME.*

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the effect produced by the surroundings in the midst of which each of us lives, and it is for this reason that one welcomes the appearance of any book which can help us to make those surroundings more beautiful. As it happens, the two volumes under consideration, though written upon widely different lines, are in a sense complementary to each other, for Mr. Trower is here to tell us all about his Surrey farm and garden, while Mr. Sparrow ranges over almost the whole subject of domestic architecture.

We can imagine that a certain proportion of Mr. Trower's readers will lose their tempers with him. His book has pre-eminently the defects of its qualities. It originated, we are informed, in the oft-expressed wishes of Mr. Trower's friends that he should produce "some little memento of the garden." Unfortunately, in complying with this request Mr. Trower has lost sight of the fact that not everybody who reads his book has the advantage of his acquaintance, and consequently we are compelled to wade through a considerable amount of matter which is of no earthly interest to any one who is a mere Gentile, however entertaining it may be found by the author's personal friends. The judicious "skipper," however, ought to make light of this drawback, and he will certainly be rewarded by finding much that is at once interesting and useful. Mr. Trower is distinctly good in his descriptions of various old farming scenes, such as the Harvest Supper and Wages Night, and his simple, easy style is the one best suited to his theme. In particular we like many of the homely sayings of the old labourers which he quotes. The close observation of natural phenomena, the cast of mind which differentiates the years according to their harvests and so forth—these are things which have a never-ending charm of their own, and show that every agriculturist is a potential Hesiod. Nor is Mr. Trower sparing with his advice. In the concluding chapters of his book he gives many hints which are sure to be appreciated by all who wish to have gardens as fine as (to judge by the illustrations) his must be.

Equally practical and helpful in his different way is Mr. Sparrow. He is full of ideas and suggestions, which range from the proposition that all indoor servants should have their competency certified by the Board of Education to the scheme of establishing a Municipal Showroom of Modern Arts and Crafts in each town and of enlisting the aid of the County Councils in securing in our country towns and districts settled craft-guilds at variance with the worst tendencies of trade competition in bad or defective workmanship. Mr. Sparrow quotes the story of a gentleman who said to Thackeray, "I say, there's a place where cheap wine can be bought now," and Thackeray's reply, "Ah, indeed! Perhaps you know where sovereigns can be got for seventeen-and-sixpence?" The anecdote serves Mr. Sparrow for many a little homily. He laughs at our credulity in believing that good furniture can possibly be turned out cheap, especially from shops which rent expensive premises and spend huge sums in advertising. He impresses upon us the sound dictum that "There are faults in home decoration which are as bad as dropping the letter 'h' in head and hand; and every educated person should know what those faults are." At times he becomes keenly sarcastic, as where, describing a cheap carpet which tries to be three things: (1) a field spring-green in colour; (2) a rose-garden in a field; and (3) a bouquet tied up with ribbons, he goes on to remark:

> "That's a great deal for a simple carpet to do for a few shillings a square yard; and it might do a great deal less without the smallest amount of harm to itself or to its buyers. For, indeed, why should any one wish to trample over roses and ribbons? Why not carrots and turnips, or pumpkins and vegetable marrows? If you want realism under your feet, why not choose some shape that has the reputation of being solid, such as H.M.S. *Dreadnought* or St. Paul's Cathedral? A charge of cavalry would be more animated to walk upon than ribboned roses, would it not?"

Really, it is quite depressing to find Mr. Sparrow returning to the attack so often, and to feel conscious all the time that his diatribes are only too well merited.

It would require a great deal of space to deal at all adequately with all the various questions raised in his book. We shall probably do less injustice to Mr. Sparrow by baldly stating that amongst the subjects discussed by him are "Householders and the House Plan," four chapters on Homes from Outside, "Rooms and their Decoration," and "Flats and Flats," and by leaving readers to estimate therefrom the scope of his book than by attempting to summarise the whole. By no means the least valuable feature of the book are the excellent and numerous illustrations and scale-drawings which exemplify the text.

* "Our Homestead and its Old-World Garden." By Arthur Trower. 7s. 6d. net. (Treherne.)—"Our Homes and How to Make the Best of Them." By W. Shaw Sparrow. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

These, at any rate, are encouraging, and show clearly that if any one will only take the trouble to apply to the proper quarter there are a number of architects, decorators, furniture-makers, and other craftsmen who can do work to-day as good as any that has been done in the past. But, and here we are echoing Mr. Sparrow's warning, we shall cease to produce the men if we do not employ them.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

## BLUE-STOCKINGS.*

The first blue-stocking was a man. Benjamin Stillingfleet, grandson of the famous bishop, was one of the most genial and entertaining of that fine and memorable company which used to meet at the salon of the brilliant Mrs. Montagu, in Portman Square, and his urbanity and conversational abilities became so essential to the success of her parties that when he was absent it was a common observation among the guests that "we can do nothing without the blue stockings"—blue worsted stockings being a regular feature of Mr. Stillingfleet's dress. As a consequence, Mrs. Montagu's and similar assemblies were presently nick-named Blue-stocking Clubs, and those who frequented them blue-stockings.

The name was at first a compliment; it stood for wit and learning in the broader sense; that much is certain. There are other accounts of the origin of the word besides the Stillingfleet anecdote; Miss Wheeler gives them all in this gossipy, entertaining book of hers, and you can take your choice from amongst them. But after a while you find Mrs. Thrale speaking of meeting "numberless blues" and displaying "our pedantry at our pleasure"; and soon thereafter the name began to be applied only to ladies, and only to those of a pretentious and pedantic order.

In the main, Miss Wheeler limits her survey to the blue-stockings of this early period. She has interesting chapters on that Georgian age, its manners, customs and coteries, and takes you through the glittering, crowded salons of it that have become part of our literary history. Special chapters are devoted to the leading figures in this pageant of eminent women, such as Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, Elizabeth Carter, and Hannah More, and if Miss Wheeler has nothing new to tell us, she has brought together a full and delightfully readable history of a period and the beginnings of a movement that did much towards the emancipation and intellectual advancement of women in general. Those women of the eighteenth century started daintily in their drawing-rooms a social revolution that the women of our own time have carried out of doors and are pursuing vigorously in the streets; and whether you sympathise with our suffragettes or no, you cannot fail to be interested in this bright and gossipy account of their blue-stocking ancestry.

* "Famous Blue-Stockings." By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

## LORD LYTTON.*

Mr. Escott draws attention to what is frequently forgotten—the autobiographical factor in the novels of Bulwer-Lytton; and he emphasises, by the chronological plan on which his book is written, the contrast to the case of other writers afforded by the fact that Bulwer-Lytton's "critical faculty kept pace in its development with the strengthening of his imagination and the wealth of his productive power." The author of "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do With It?" "The Parisians," and "Kenelm Chillingly" had his immature moments, his faults of taste, and his follies of style, but he had no "dotages," and he died in harness. It is a pity that his critics to-day do not read the novels and take them for what they are intrinsically worth: that they remain content to hand on suspect dicta, glib though it be, and facetious as it sometimes is, yet dicta as "shallow" as anything it is the fashion so to describe in the writings of "George de Barnewell" and "Sir Edwahd Bulwig." As Mr. Escott reminds us, many eminent men—Thackeray, Tennyson, Reeve, and Froude among the number—had

* "Edward Bulwer, first Baron Lytton of Knebworth: A Social, Personal, and Political Monograph." By T. H. S. Escott. With a Frontispiece Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (George Routledge & Sons.)

*From a caricature by Thomas Rowlandson.* **Vauxhall Gardens.**

In the supper-box to the left are seated Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Thrale.
From "Famous Blue-Stockings," by Ethel Rolt Wheeler. (Methuen.)

second thoughts regarding Bulwer, thoughts as creditable to their heads as to their hearts.

In the main, the works of "the author of 'Pelham'" are, comparatively speaking, back numbers. Almost alone, "The Last Days of Pompeii" (in the composition of which he was greatly indebted to the scholarly aid of Christopher Wordsworth), "Harold," and "Rienzi" remain good sellers; but there are yet many readers who find in Lytton's writings "a popular source of practical guidance and help in daily life." After his earlier efforts Bulwer-Lytton took himself seriously. His interest in English history and English literature was genuine. He felt a responsibility to the public. In the composition of more pretentious works, as in the making of pot-boilers, he was indefatigable. In the former he gave of his best. His solid attainments were far from being so inconsiderable as some "quick-lunchers" at the table of literary criticism seem to think. Few were more qualified than he to write with authority on the themes he touched upon in "The Parisians." That he had political foresight is proved in "The Last of the Tribunes." He had the grit to conquer physical infirmities and win success as a speaker. He proved himself the possessor of more than mediocre administrative ability. He showed in the case of Gallenga that he could go out of his way to do kindly actions in defence of humble merit. If his irritability had allowed him to follow his own maxims, and his mother had possessed more tact, if his wife had been less ambitious, his married life might have been more successful. All the parties to this tragedy lacked the saving grace of humour. Mr. Escott relegates the scandal to the category of "chatter about Harriet." Perhaps his references to Lady Lytton might have been written with advantage in a more judicial manner, with less emphasis on her "Irish wastefulness" and "ridiculous Irish pride"; but at all events he spares us a long recital of an old and very painful story.

In regard to Bulwer-Lytton's worth as an author, his estimate will make, we think, for a certain amount of rehabilitation. This monograph is from the hand of a practised journalist and an accomplished delineator of the life and politics of his own time. It makes an effective appeal to all who have taken a walk down (or up) the "street of adventure," and its political allusions will be followed with attention by all who know anything of the author's own political views. It is, too, the work of one who long ago mastered the essentials of a clear, incisive style, and who possesses, besides the classic touch, the rare gift of being picturesque without being either "precious" or melodramatic. Mr. Escott suggests that Tennyson did not himself send the lines about "The New Timon and the Poet" to *Punch*, but he does not solve the mystery. Probably the printers have involved him in one aggravating slip—"Smalltalk" for Smorltork, in a reference to "Pickwick." But they are not responsible for the inadequate quotation of the Prologue which Lytton wrote for a performance of "Every Man in His Humour," given by Charles Dickens and his company of amateur actors for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. W. F. A.

## THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.*

To Mr. Arnold Bennett the literary table is rather a sort of luncheon counter than a board of regular and serious courses, all to be attacked in the gravity for which "Englishman" has become a synonym throughout the world. That is, although he now and then takes a fairly substantial meal—as in "The Old Wives' Tale," "Whom God Hath Joined," etc.—he mostly roams along, taking a "snack" here and a picking there; it may be a cold chop with some piquant sauce and a glass of sherry, or a delicacy in the shape of a "brownish or coppery gold kidney omelette" and some sparkling hock; or something still more light and digestible. Yet is that not as it should be?—when a man can fashion it so. The workman who shapes a sideboard is not debarred, by foolish public opinion, from making a fancy cabinet for bric-à-brac; and the tailor who makes you a summer waistcoat supplies you with a heavy winter overcoat. Why, then, should the literary workman who has once made you laugh be compelled to continue at his mirth-provoking business? Or should he who drew your tears at his first serious attempt be forced to remain always in his tense house of tragedy, that you may weep as often as he presents you with a piece of his work? Could anything be more silly or unjust? Have we not all our moods and tenses? And, although some moods may be fostered into working order, the best are undoubtedly those which spring from no perceivable cause.

In a way all this seems to be beside the mark; in reality it is not so. It is the best possible excuse that comes to mind at the moment for the introduction of this altogether delightful Helen—"altogether," if we allow that she is rather a type in herself or a personification than an individual, a creature of fantasy more than of actual life. At the same time she bubbles over with life; that is why she rules, domineers with a piquancy that is winning, over her great-step-uncle. The locale is once more "the five towns." There Helen (would that Mr. Bennett had given her some other name!—for how many heroines have we had with it since her, whose face "burnt the topmost towers of Ilium"?) is an under-mistress in a Board School—"a tall girl and generously formed, with a complexion between fair and dark; her age, perhaps, about twenty-five." And, well, what may not be to twenty-five, a large number of inches, a generous make, plenty of vitality, ready intelligence, presence of mind, and "the eye of an empress"? Did the gods endow the original Helen with greater favours or more subtle graces? We doubt if they did. Is there anything impossible to one who is so armed cap-à-pie to take the isolated cardiac fortress of a rather crusty old step-uncle? or even to assail the whole world of light comedy? Surely no. This, possibly, is where Mr. Bennett has made the slip in his gossamer artistry. It's like pitting a *Dreadnought* against a third-class cruiser—that's an inappropriate simile, so let us say a light and perfectly efficient aeroplane against a lumbering balloon of the old type. The battle—no, skirmish for supremacy would have been so much more interesting if all the odds had not been on Helen's side. Being a young woman with spirit, having a rich if untutored great-step-uncle—who was a bit lonely in the world and not on speaking terms with her mother—and having packed the same mother off to Canada with a new husband, what was there for her to do but subjugate the heart of the great-step-uncle? This she begins by occupying the same seat as he does in the park, one fine afternoon. He breaks the ice between them; so what more natural than that Helen should go home with him? Nothing at all. There, while he gets the "Hallelujah Chorus" out of a concertina, she goes clean over the ramparts and into the citadel by the means of a wonderful kidney omelette. But then, again, what is impossible to, etc.? With the exception of a few insignificant cases such as Cleopatra and Antony, was there ever a middle-aged curmudgeon who was not won by gastric influence? As a proof of the entertaining quality of the thing, Mr. Bennett spends eight chapters on that park meeting, going home to tea, cooking the omelette, and a few incidentals; yet there is not a line too many. As to the end, that too often annoying part of Mr. Bennett's essays in fiction—well, we set out with the intention not to give the story away. Enough! it is the most amusing piece of literary sleight-of-hand that we have seen these many days.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "Helen with the High Hand: An Idyllic Diversion." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

## THACKERAY.*

The great drawback that must present itself to any one who undertakes to make up a volume of extracts from the works of a great novelist is that, however well the extracts may be chosen, they lose infinitely by being wrenched from the setting in which the author placed them. Yet though such books as "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond" are so much greater than any chapters or any scenes in them, it is surprising how well on the whole Thackeray comes out of the ordeal of dismemberment. What effect this volume of the "Masters of Literature" Series would have upon a reader unacquainted with Thackeray's works it is impossible to say: would the extract somewhat crudely labelled "The Fall of Becky Sharp" send him to "Vanity Fair," or "The Blackmailing of Major Pendennis" make him hunger to read "Pendennis," are questions that need not be answered. Assuredly, however, those who know and love their Thackeray will, after dipping into this collection of half-hours with the Master, take from their shelves the volumes containing the full text of the novels. It is not always the case that the best scenes come from the best books, but with Thackeray it would certainly seem to be so. In "Vanity Fair" is the great scene when Rawdon Crawley interrupts his wife's *tête-à-tête* with Lord Steyne—a passage that Thackeray himself, in a moment of expansion, said was instinct with genius; in "Esmond" is "The Flight of the Prince," that magnificent conclusion to a magnificent work. These are among the best things, if not, indeed, the best things in Thackeray. Not even the scene between Major Pendennis and his valet Morgan is on the same plane, and there is nothing in "The Newcomes" to be compared with this; while "The Virginians" and "Philip" are not on the same level of excellence as the earlier novels.

It is strange that in this volume of selections there is nothing from "Barry Lyndon": for that superb rogue's defence of gambling, for instance, most people would gladly have spared the indifferent "Fitz-Boodle's Second Profession." Indeed, it is not easy to understand how Mr. Chesterton came to choose this. If it was his wish to insert a specimen of Thackeray's early writings over the pseudonym of Fitz-Boodle, he would have been better advised to select almost any other story by that eminent personage, say "Dorothea" or "Miss Löwe." It would have been pleasant to see in this volume the exquisite scene depicting Lady Castlewood's welcome to Harry Esmond when he returned "bringing his sheaves with him"; and the finest piece of word-painting in any of the works, Esmond at his mother's grave in the convent cemetery at Brussels. "On Thunder and Small-Beer," which Mr. Chesterton prints, is amusing enough; but it could well be exchanged for a passage showing Thackeray in the ironic vein.

Many will note with pleasure that Mr. Chesterton has included in this volume seven poems by Thackeray. This is as it should be, and will come as a reminder to many that Thackeray as a writer of light verse must not be ignored. "When I strike the lyre I think it's to a more original tune than that," Thackeray said in reply to Dr. John Brown's question as to whether he had written a certain poem in *Punch*; "it's not the best music, but it's my own." If Thackeray was not under-rating his talent, when, on another occasion, he spoke of his poetry as small-beer, he was certainly not guilty of an error of judgment when he declared it to be the right tap.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Thackeray." Edited with Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. ("Masters of Literature" Series.) 3s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

---

**"Not at Home."**
From "According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane.)

## THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.*

Maria knows she is not beautiful, but is sure she is stylish; she has no sense of humour, and therefore, though she is the cause of much laughter in others, she gets on in the world, and becomes something of a figure in that society which is usually spelt with a capital S. Her husband is a successful grocer, with one large shop at Clapham and several shops dotted about in other suburbs, and she is not happy until he turns his entire business into a limited company, and is himself managing director of it; for then, as a managing director, he is no longer a tradesman, and she is able to lead him up to higher levels.

The story of her resolute climbing is developed with a keen satirical touch that is as light as it is mordant. Maria has a philosophy of fashionable life that she puts into practice with great determination. As soon as she has established herself in the West End, she cuts her old friends the Hickses, those homely Clapham drapers, and will not see them when she comes across them in Hyde Park during the Church Parade, but is nevertheless indignant when a Russian princess rudely snubs her a few minutes later. She believes in the policy of calling on her aristocratic friends on days when she knows they are not at home, and the description of how she makes a round of such visits fills one of the most sparkling and shrewdly humorous chapters in the book. For her At Homes—

"Maria always says that people must have music or they won't talk, and they must also have something to stare at, and of all things they love to stare at the Great."

Therefore, she worms her way into the right houses and angles for the Great there, and suffers humiliations

* "According to Maria." By Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (John Lane.)

and indignities, but cares nothing so long as she can get introduced to them, and is able to catch them. But she is bitterly chagrined when others come to angle for them in her drawing-room and filch them away from her. Her one aim is not to surround herself with people whose company she enjoys, but with people whom she imagines it is the proper and genteel thing to know and to grow intimate with; and when her daughter, Diana, renews acquaintance with Dicky Hicks, and talks of going skating with him Maria is in despair and says, "Just as I told you! She has no social sense; just like her father. If I'd let him he'd only ask people to the house he likes."

Maria, in a word, is a feminine snob, and this story of her rise and fall is a brilliantly witty satire on present-day society. Social conventions; the great vulgar and the small—inane pomposities, who, for no conceivable reason, swell with a sense of their importance among the upper class and look down on the lower; fussy inconsequents who emerge from the lower ranks and toady and abase themselves and waste their time and their money to win the honour of being patronised by some titled nobody whose smile is very expensive, and makes you no happier, though it makes you seem so—the whole childish, ludicrous game and the players are gaily and mercilessly ridiculed, yet the character of Maria herself is so cleverly handled that you do not dislike her, you even like her enough to be sorry for her when towards the close her pride is broken down.

It is an admirable and entirely enjoyable story; vivacious, wise, witty, joyously alive; the most amusingly satirical novel we have read for a long time, and the truest.

## THE HERKOMERS.*

It is difficult to class this book; but then, as their Bavarian neighbours used to say, "Those Herkomers always do things differently from other people." It is not a book of mere reminiscences. No doubt many very well-known people are mentioned in its pages, but our interest is not in them, as would be the case in an ordinary retrospect. Sir Hubert painted Tennyson at Farringford; but the whole incident gets only three lines. The interest of the book lies in its subject—the Herkomers, father and son. At Landsberg in Bavaria, a striking building, the Mutterthrum, commemorates in the true Herkomer way the author's mother. From the last paragraph of the Preface we gather that this book is to do a like service for his father. The natural impulse is to make a comparison with "Margaret Ogilvy." But the part played by the son is not at all the same in the two books. Here we have a deliberate analysis of the character and development of the boy under the direct influence of the father. The author himself speaks of "the rather unusual course I have followed of putting myself under the microscope for temperamental analysis," and he admits that it is probable that he has succumbed "to the temptation of self-dissection."

We have here, in fact, an honest attempt to give an accurate and straightforward account of the development of a character. It may be said at once that the attempt must be regarded as successful. There is a frankness, a directness, and a simplicity in the whole narrative that irresistibly carry conviction. The filial motive seems to have been sufficient in itself. At any rate there is no suggestion of any other. It is true that we have occasional references to what a young man may learn from certain incidents, but there is a refreshing absence of the sort of sentence that ends "these pages will not have been penned in vain." Very probably the book was written for that best of all reasons from an artist's point of view—because he wanted to.

* "The Herkomers." Vol. I. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. (For Private Circulation.)

The style is pleasing and unpretentious. Sometimes, indeed, there is a certain biblical directness and simplicity that is very effective; *e.g.* at the birth of the author his father prophesied: "This boy shall become an artist, and my best friend." Prophecies find their way into biographies usually for one of two reasons. Either the prophet foretells what he wishes, and takes means to see that it comes to pass; or out of the many prophecies that have been made the biographer from his position of advantage selects only those that have come true. At the beginning it looked as if the father's prophecy did not come under the first head, for he had very little to do with the child at the early stages, leaving him to become a devoted admirer of Uncle John. But with the dawn of the *artist* and the *friend that was to be*, the father took his proper place in the development of "a temperament that ran to extremes in all things, with abnormal ambition and abnormal energy, but handicapped by poverty, as well as by mental defect—the want of application." This at once arouses the eager attention of all interested in education. If by any means we can remove this mental defect we have mastered the thing that matters. The author believes that in his case education did accomplish this feat. The method adopted practically coincides with what is known among teachers as learning by doing. The author's temperament as described by himself is precisely that which lends itself best to this mode of treatment.

Sir Hubert gives a very honest and very natural description of the poverty of his early years, marked by a singular lack of self-consciousness. There is no appearance of deepening the colours in order to heighten the effect of later successes, no trace of the "and that little boy now stands before you" frame of mind. He is interested and he makes his readers interested in the hard times as hard times, and in the poor people as poor people. Our sympathy goes out to them as they are, not to them because of what they are to be. The six months' consideration of how to spend half a crown at Christmas takes one by the throat; and the simple budget, one *Illustrated London News*, 1*s.*; one Christmas-tree, 1*s.*; nuts, 6*d.* = half-a-crown, secures our interest without the aid of contrast with the easier budgets at Bushey.

When it comes to success, our author writes as easily and as frankly. He is no more ashamed of his success than of his hard times. He records with relish, but without undue elation, the immediate success of his "Last Muster," with the hand-clapping of the Academicians when they first saw it. Then his account of the French medal for the same painting is delightfully natural. His use of *Punch* cartoons is fair and sensible. The most crabbed critic can hardly grumble at a man reproducing a caricature of himself—even though it does include others. The impartiality with which he states the good and the bad about himself is well illustrated in the report he gives of the advice of his friend Mr. H. S. Marks, about an oil painting done in Bavaria: "Don't exhibit *that*, burn it." But then he adds: "Had I sent that first oil-colour attempt to an exhibition, I certainly should have been unable in after years to air my pet boast, that I had never been rejected nor badly hung."

The visualising, the dreaming of dream pictures, in which on the advice of his father he trained himself, bears its fruit in the peculiar power he shows of objectifying himself, and regarding himself as if he were somebody else. This aloofness is well illustrated where he gives an account of his negotiations with the intention of joining a Christy Minstrel Company, and his reflections on the sort of character that might have resulted from the interaction between his temperament and this violent environment. A similar examination accompanies the account of his experience as a draughtsman on a comic paper. It is perhaps best illustrated, however, in his description of some of his weaknesses as an artist, notably in connection with what he calls *purplitis*. Then his peculiar disciple-

ship to Walker is excellently worked out. The followers of M. Tarde will find much to interest them in the influence that imitation exercised over one of a family that constitutionally objects to doing things like other people. Sir Hubert does not make it quite clear whether he realised at the time the bondage in which he worked. How clearly he realised it afterwards is admirably shown in his statement that in his unregenerate days what he did first, in planning a picture, was to find out what Walker did in similar circumstances, and then proceed to follow his example, never allowing "nature to put me out." Teachers may learn something from the fact that his deliverance came from having to do work under a very high pressure. Since he had to get his old soldiers on the canvas somehow or other, if "The Last Muster" was to be in time for the Academy, he had not time to think about how Walker would treat this point or that, and so came to himself.

There is a curious mixture in the book of the artistic temperament and sound common sense. Teetotal Bohemianism seems a contradiction in terms, but it not inaptly describes the attitude of the young artist. He was poor, and gay, and borrowed money, and even flirted ("but, let me add, quite harmlessly"), and above all hired a dress suit; yet he is separated by a whole nationality from Murger's light-hearted brotherhood.

The latter part of the volume is somewhat sad. The shadow of domestic suffering and bereavement darkens its pages, and we can but admire the reticence with which the author deals with matters that he deems it necessary to indicate in order to give a complete picture of the conditions of his development.

The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the twenty-eight admirably executed engravings, all the work of the author himself, who, after the fashion of the older masters, seems to take the whole range of art as his province. One almost regrets that "My School and My Gospel" has already been published as a separate book. It would have fitted in so well as a continuation of the professional part of "The Herkomers." But the author's professorial work will without doubt supply material that will make the second volume as attractive as the first.

JOHN ADAMS.

## AN OXFORD NOVELIST.*

Mr. Coke is one of the most promising and best equipped of the younger Oxford novelists. Like Mr. de Sélincourt, a member of the same school, he has in a marked degree that amiable weakness for gently setting the world right which is known as "the Oxford manner." There is a touch of pedantry about his style, which is not without a certain charm, though he would do well to avoid such a word as "banausic." But in spite of a suspicion of superiority, Mr. Coke has a sufficient sense of humour to be able to smile at the foibles of the type which he depicts with the sympathy born of intimate knowledge. Few of our younger novelists combine such fidelity of detail with keener psychological insight. Mr. Coke is sympathetic without being "sloppy," and a tinge of cynicism prevents his sentiment ever degenerating into mere sentimentality. A keen observer and a conscientious craftsman, too restrained to attempt anything beyond his compass, polished and witty without any mechanical epigram, Mr. Coke possesses a combination of gifts which gives his work an artistic finish rare among contemporary novelists. It has just that touch of preciosity which delights the critical, and yet it is never mannered or insincere.

Humphry Scott-Mahon is the son of an impoverished land-

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Mr. Desmond Coke.**

owner who was prepared to make any sacrifice rather than abandon Burcot, the beautiful old priory which had been the home of long generations of Scott-Mahons. Humphry after a successful career at Balliol enters the Indian Civil Service, but after a few years in India returns at his father's urgent entreaty in order to become his steward and to prepare himself in due course to take over his heritage with all its responsibilities. Unhappily for this arrangement Humphry had imbibed at Oxford the doctrine of "self-realisation." The county society bores him, and while he is sensitive to the charms of Burcot he is too practical not to see the absurdity of living in poverty at Burcot on an income which would keep him in comfort elsewhere. Besides, maintaining the family traditions does not satisfy his craving for a career. Chance suggests to him that he would find full scope for realising himself in an effort to uplift the slum-dwellers. Mr. Coke is too sincere to ignore the fact that Humphry's enthusiasm for the enlightenment of the East End blinds him to his obvious duty to his father, but while with gentle cynicism he shows how self-realisation is usually achieved at the expense of others, he does full justice to all that is attractive and lovable in Humphry's character. Humphry is a prig, but he is a good fellow in spite of it. His adventures in Archer Lane ("near the Docks") are admirably described, many of the details being obviously taken from life. The minor characters are excellent, particularly the disillusioned East End parson and Joe, the hooligan champion of Brick Street. Rosa the typist, whose father was once Mayor of Banbury, who combines genuine devotion to "the cause" with an intense admiration for Humphry, is a fine study, revealing a knowledge of feminine psychology remarkable in so young a writer. But as Mr. Coke remarks, "the man whose ambition is to stand alone should avoid at all costs women who desire to lean." Rosa cannot hold Humphry, and in the end Burcot wins and he returns to take up the heritage of the Scott-Mahons. As a study of the Oxford type nothing in contemporary literature is so true and penetrating.

* "Beauty for Ashes." By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Whether Mr. Coke has creative imagination remains to be seen, but that he is endowed with a rare critical and analytic faculty is beyond question. He is a realist in the best sense, and a book of such quality is not to be missed.

## BOOKS AND LIFE.*

It is probably true that every man has one good novel in him; it is certainly true that every man has one good volume of essays in him, if only he knew how to write it. "We are all painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, philosophers, statesmen," as Vernon Lee says in "Althea," * of which volume of dialogue essays Mr. Lane has just issued a welcome new edition; "for if we were not, the special painter, sculptor, musician, philosopher, etc., etc., would exist in vain, without a public which he could serve or which could obey him." But most of us are too busy in other ways to write our poems, our essays, or our stories, and are happily contented to have them written for us by somebody else, and our favourite books are those in which we find the literature we would ourselves have written if we could.

Of course, when I say every man has a volume of essays in him I do not mean such a volume as Mr. Maurice Baring's "Dead Letters," † for that is the fruit of imagination, and not of experience. It is a series of imaginary letters written by various persons of importance in the real life or the dream life of the past. There is some gravely amusing correspondence between Lord Bacon and his literary agent concerning the plays that, when no publisher would accept them, were revised and produced by Shakespeare; a letter from Lady Macbeth to Lady Macduff about her husband, who is suffering from nervous breakdown, and is troubled with a delusion that he murdered Duncan; a letter from Goneril complaining to her sister Regan of the eccentric and unreasonable behaviour of their father, King Lear; and, among much other such correspondence, a collection of letters from Clytæmnestra to Ægisthus, from which you learn how Paris and Helen ran away together, and the siege of Troy was commenced and continued for many weary years, till Helen was at last glad to be able to write and tell Clytæmnestra that Hector had been killed, and "we have thought of a very good plan for letting the Greeks into the city," and she hopes soon to be home again, so "please have some patterns for me to choose from." They are very like the sort of letters that such persons might have written to their private friends, and the little domestic touches in them, their uncompromising, natural, commonplace tone give them an air of delightfully amusing and irreverent burlesque. The humour of the book is refreshingly original, and one hopes Mr. Baring will oblige those friends who have asked him to publish some further details of Lady Macbeth's housekeeping and Lord Bacon's business affairs.

But the essays I am thinking of when I say that each of us has a volume of them in him are something of a personal, intimate, homelier kind. They seem so easy to do; there is no abstruse philosophy in them, and in the best of them no learning, except such as a thoughtful, observant man may gather by watching his fellows with a sympathetic interest, and sharing in their every-day lives; a knowledge of books may add a charm of allusiveness to what is written; but the greatest charm of it all is that it reveals vividly and faithfully the personality of the writer; for each man is interesting to himself, and may be made as interesting to others, if they can be drawn into sympathy with him.

It seems easy enough to do, but how few authors have done it in the course of how many centuries? It has been done some half-dozen times, perhaps, in formal autobiographies; and the number of essayists who have done it to any purpose are almost as small a company, with Montaigne and Lamb supreme at the head of them. The short list is not often added to, but I am inclined to add to it now this new book of essays by an anonymous author—"The Lowly Estate." *

The essays are all about the author himself: the life he leads, the weather he encounters, the little unsensational things that happen to him, the people he meets, the books he reads, the progress of his garden, with an accompaniment of the thoughts that come to him as he goes about his daily tasks and his occasional pleasures. It is a quiet, restful book, thoughtful, fanciful, whimsical, full of a kindly wisdom, and atmosphered always with the gracious, very winning personality of the writer. You gather from one essay and another that he lives in the country; that he has a walk of some distance from his cottage to the railway station; that he journeys to London every day and is there engaged in some office that involves the handling of books and the reading of manuscripts; that he is not rich, but has comfort; that he has known sorrow, but is happy; that he has suffered many disappointments, but still walks with his face towards the morning, and is an invincible optimist. Whatever happens to him feeds his pen and flows out on to his paper when he writes. The sweep comes to clean the chimney of his library, and a delightfully quaint and humorous chapter is the result of that visit. A night of storm, with thunder and lightning and a run home through the rain; an afternoon spent in the house of a friend, or by a friend at his house; a walk in the country; a stroll through the poorer part of the town; the illness of one of his children; the pleasant keeping of Christmas among his family; his potterings in his garden; the discourtesy of an unsympathetic neighbour; the re-reading of favourite books—he finds inspiration in these and a score or so of similar ordinary incidents and experiences. Another hand might have taken the same material and made nothing of it; but treating it frankly and with simple sincerity, with a sense of humour and of the beauty in common things, he has built of it a pleasure-house for all who know how to enjoy the quieter music of literature.

I started to read the book, and went on reading it to the finish, not noticing how the time had gone; and I have put it aside, not among the books I have read, but among the books I am still reading, or going to read.

A. ST. J. A.

* "Althea." By Vernon Lee. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "Dead Letters." By Maurice Baring. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

## SIX SINGERS.†

It is well that poets have faith in their singing. While the attention of the public has been fixed upon the general election, the question of the Budget, and the fate of the Lords, poets ask for listening ears while they sing of such distant yet ideal things as roses, stars, and dreams. Before me are the offerings of six poets represented by six dainty volumes, the contents of each pleasant to dip into and some of them possessing quite memorable lines. Lovers of poetry will welcome Mr. Arthur L. Salmon's latest appearance. This "New Book of Verse" once more emphasises the author's mastery over melodious poetry. His former volumes in this direction stand well to his credit, and this new selection should place him still higher

* "The Lowly Estate." 5s. net. (Melrose.)

† "A New Book of Verse." By Arthur L. Salmon. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)—"A Faëry Flute." By Henry Simpson. 2s. 6d. net. (Thomas Burleigh.)—"Songs of Night." By A. I. Young. 1s. 6d. net. (Moring.)—"The Triumph of Love." By Lyman Whitney Allen. 3s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"Verses of the Country." By M. D. Ashley Dodd. 2s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Poems." By Leonard Shoobridge. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

XUM

among the most accomplished of contemporary poets. As in the past, his new lyrical achievements will find greatest favour. A more mature hand is visible in their construction, and a greater mastery over expression is to be found in his delicate fancies moulded in lyric shape, a form of verse not always successful even with the greatest poets. In "City Pictures," a series of three short poems, Mr. Salmon draws some graceful verse vignettes, and his three "Autumn Hush Songs" will be turned to more than once. One of the most melodious of his poems is "A Fisher-Wife's Lullaby." It strikes the true lyric note; it is in the West Country dialect, and if of no great moment, it is very human:

"Sleep, ma dearie, sleep:
Dawntee fret now, dawntee weep now;
Shut your eyes an' go to sleep now.
Mother sits an' sings a-near 'ee,
In tha dimpsy-light, ma dearie;
Sleep, ma dearie, sleep. . . .

"Sleep, ma dearie, sleep:
Sleep until tha break o' day now,
While I sit beside an' pray now—
Pray that He who guides tha weather
Keep you safe, my two together;
Sleep, ma dearie, sleep."

Our author has allowed himself greater scope for his fertile imagination in the last and longest poem, "The Court of Revision," a fantasy, skilfully planned and gracefully expressed.

There is at the present time a band of London poets known as the Poets' Club, and if I mistake not, Mr. Henry Simpson is one of its members. His volume, "A Faëry Flute," is an accomplished little output. He is certainly at his best in his shorter poems, and one would have welcomed more of them in place of the longer ones, which are not altogether successful. These latter are a trifle old-fashioned in expression, and some of the lines are a little ludicrous—in "A Chant of Morning," for instance:

"Across the world a breathing stirs and creeps,
The springs are loosened in their frozen deeps,
High mountains melt, and in a turgid flow
Plunge down the glens their toppled fronts of snow."

Mr. Simpson's poem on "Aberdeen" is a notable tribute of praise to "the granite city" worthy of a place beside Alexander Smith's "Glasgow" and "Edinburgh" and other famous poems of cities. Anthologists in search of material for a book of fairy poetry should certainly remember Mr. Simpson's charming little poem, "The Faëry Flute":

"Where the tarn shines white in the evening moon,
Come, little friend, with your hand in mine,
Now that the cries of day are mute,
And list with me to the faëry flute.

"Puck is abroad, and his faëry band
Dance in a ring where the moonflowers glow,
Hark how the goblin laughter peals
As Pan's soft pipe from the sedges steals.

"Pipe, little minstrel, at your will,
Faëry folks are the friends of man,
Dead is the heart as a broken lute
That cannot sigh to the faëry flute."

The author of "Songs of Night" takes the most intimate things of Nature and weaves around them quaint fancies giving them legends anew. "The Snowdrop," "The Bee," and "The Sea" are the titles of some of these snatches of song marked by a fluent expression.

There is evidently a public still to be found for long poems, and Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen's new volume is one of them. The title scarcely fulfils the nature of the book's contents: it is not poetry of an amorous kind, but is rather a hymn to Nature. There is an "Apostrophe to Light," and other stanzas are headed "O Wondrous Chlorophyl!" and "The Call of the Chloroplast." I wonder how many ordinary readers could without a moment's consideration say what a chloroplast is? To be exact, chlorophyl is the green colouring matter of plants. But long words and obscure technical terms do not always make fine poetry.

M. D. Ashley Dodd's "Verses of the Country" consists of a sheaf of wistful little songs expressed in the simplest language. This companionable volume asks to be taken in the hands at a tired hour. It breathes the fragrance and peace of the countryside.

A new poet to be added to the Bodley Head list of singers is Mr. Leonard Shoobridge. He offers a well-packed volume. The author has adopted a curious and sometimes irritating plan in leaving half of his poems without a title, so that it is occasionally difficult to know where one poem ends and the next begins. There is, however, a genuine musical quality about Mr. Shoobridge's verses, and his fancy roams wide and far. The majority of them have Nature for their setting interleaved with amorous lines and various rhymes ranging from "Vishnu" to "A Roman Peasant." Perhaps of these six singers Mr. Shoobridge's volume contains the larger quantity of poetic thought, and in quality will be found the most musical.

ALFRED HYATT.

---

## HERRICK.*

It is no dispraise of Dr. Moorman's sumptuous volume to say that, a few years ago, its type and margins would have been reduced, its occasional padding omitted, and its scope adapted to the scale of a school edition of the "Hesperides." The hundred and fifty pages of the "Life," which are by no means free from redundancies, would have been curtailed to an excellent biographical introduction, and the two hundred pages of "The Works" (Part II.) would have furnished ample material for the critical introduction and the notes. As a library volume at twelve-and-sixpence, produced in Mr. Lane's best style, there is just a suspicion of inflation—a mere suggestion of the thought that the multiplication of universities adds to our collection of books in a sense not intended by Carlyle.

This reflection—let us have done with it at once—is confirmed by a certain diffuseness in Dr. Moorman's style. He has more words than facts to clothe them with. The "festive board" and "festive cheer" of the Apollo chamber recur as often in Part I. as "the Veronese lyrist," as a synonym for Catullus, in Part II.; and, as examples of the danger of this loose, journalistic writing, we would cite "exceedingly hard" (for extremely hard) on p. 265, and "the princely gifts bestowed by the King" (for the more than Kingly gifts) on p. 77. These are but slight indications: the absence of a bibliography, the entire neglect of the difficulties of Herrick's text, and a general note of popular appeal, tend further to deprive the volume, at least at its present price, of a portion of the permanent character with which it should be endowed by the author's academic position.

There are considerable gaps in Herrick's life. "The twelve years which elapse between Herrick's graduation at Cambridge in 1617, and his induction as vicar of Dean Prior in 1629, form one of the most obscure periods in his long life" (p. 55). He lived at Dean Prior eighteen years, "but it is not easy to determine how far he appreciated his Devonshire home, and how far it seemed to him a place of bitter exile" (p. 97). He was reinstated in 1662, but "of Herrick's life under the Commonwealth and Protectorate we know absolutely nothing. We may surmise that it was spent chiefly in London in the society

* "Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study." By F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds. With 9 full-page Illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

of his relations, friends, and other 'outed' clergymen" (p. 145). Thus, though certain dates are fixed in the biography of the poet—his graduation in 1617, his induction in 1629, his ejectment in 1647, his return in 1662, and his death in 1674, the records of the fifty-seven years are singularly sparse and uneventful. We do not know why Herrick became a clergyman, and on as personal a matter as the death of his mother we are told: "Of the poet's relations with her we know nothing, and speculation on such a matter is particularly undesirable" (p. 86). These blanks are a little depressing in a volume of a hundred thousand words, and Dr. Moorman is really to be congratulated on the sustained interest of his narrative. For his new material does not amount to much. The family papers at Beaumanor have yielded a few new letters, chiefly illustrating the poet's relations with his guardian and uncle, Sir William Herrick. This worthy goldsmith is well known to have kept a tight fist over young Robin's estate. Probably he distrusted his nephew's powers to earn a living for himself; for Herrick, like Boccaccio before him, gave up his sound commercial prospects for law, fashion, and fame. There is also a new Cambridge letter, likewise petitioning Sir William Herrick, from the collection of Canon Egerton Leigh; and Dr. Moorman has thoroughly consulted State papers and other sources, as well as the works of his predecessors, Mr. Gosse, Dr. Grosart, and Mr. A. W. Pollard. Swinburne's introduction to Mr. Pollard's edition is also laid under contribution, and justice is done to Henry Morley, an industrious middle-Victorian sciolist whose reputation once stood higher than it stands to-day, for his acute perception of Herrick's employment of his poems "as foils and settings to one another," thus disturbing the chronological arrangement.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. Moorman's book is Chapter I. of Part II., which bears traces of having been written as an independent essay. It is entitled "The Lyric of the English Renaissance," and it takes shape as an illuminating study of England as a nest of singing-birds, in relation to classical models and to Italianate influences. There is sometimes more special pleading in Dr. Moorman's argument than quite befits an assistant professor of English literature. Thus, in demonstrating "the rapid decline of the sonnet after the turn of the century," Dr. Moorman writes that "sonnets, and even sonnet-sequences, were written in the seventeenth century, but with the exception of those of Drummond of Hawthornden, who lived in a country which the flood-tide of the Renaissance reached very late, and those of Milton, which are a thing apart, they were the productions of obscure poets, content to keep to the backwaters of literary life" (p. 200). The name Milton towards the close of this sentence has a somewhat astounding effect. Why are his sonnets "a thing apart" from the alleged norm attained by "obscure poets"? Why should the greatest be the exception, and the least the rule from which it departs? There is too much theory here to fit the facts. But, on the whole, this chapter summarises the most tuneful period of English poetry with taste, sympathy, and judgment, and it forms a suitable background against which to display in the succeeding chapter the unique genius and versatility of "The Lyrical Poems of the 'Hesperides.'" The non-lyrical poems, in which category the epigram is extended beyond the little sheaf of obscene verses published in Mr. Pollard's Appendix, occupy another chapter, and a final chapter is devoted to "Noble Numbers."

If we may venture on a general criticism of Dr. Moorman's exhaustive study, we would urge that he loses effect by excluding historical considerations. Such considerations would mainly be negative, for Herrick, it is true, took no part in the history which was made during his lifetime. But the characterisation of the poet is incomplete without reference to the part he did *not* take. Milton was seventeen years his junior, and died in the same year as Herrick. Milton, too, was a Cambridge poet, and his Horton period (1632–8) corresponded to what was probably the period of Herrick's greatest literary activity. Now, it is tempting, however inaccurate, to associate the Horton poet's contempt for dalliance with Amaryllis and Neæra, and his stern rebuke to pleasure-seeking clergymen, with the example of the egotist at Dean Prior, polishing his verses to his mistresses. It would be inaccurate, as we have said, for there is no evidence that Milton and Herrick ever met; but a more imaginative writer than Dr. Moorman would have shown us how Herrick was a type of the tendencies which Milton resisted in those grim years of preparation for "Paradise Lost." Herrick is not a worse lyrist because Milton was a great Latin secretary and a greater epic poet. There was room for both in the same age, and it was a great age which could contain them both, without beheading Milton at the Restoration or ruining Herrick during the Protectorate. But the view of Herrick which is content to delineate the man without the setting of his times must always be partial and defective. It was Herrick's own view of himself, and Dr. Moorman, it may be urged, indulges him a little too kindly. We read of Lord Mayors' shows and of royal processions, of masques, and plays, and mayings, but, as far as this volume is concerned, except for the ejectment from Dean Prior, which in some respects was not unwelcome to Herrick, we are presented with the poet's portrait within the frame of his own construction. It is, accordingly, more flattering than it should be, for the vision which Herrick excluded from the walled garden in which he tended his flowers was the vision without which the people perish. He chose deliberately the selfish life, and Dr. Moorman's charitable view that his mistresses were mostly unreal, and that his claim to chastity is valid, hardly enhances our respect for this trifler in serious times. Dr. Moorman's task has been well discharged, but our admiration of Herrick's poetry, which, after all, was his life, grows deeper as we move further from the great tide on which he drifted so indifferently.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

# Novel Notes.

**BETTY CAREW.** By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

During his first talk with Betty, Edgar Lindsay remarks: "Of course you've only just come, so you haven't heard about us yet. We're always called 'Those Lindsays' here. Wouldn't it be dreadful if you should be called 'Those Carews'?" "We shall be," said Betty, with conviction. "I foresee it. And we haven't even the saving grace of an estimable papa." If the paternal Carew is not precisely estimable, he is something better, he is delightfully irresponsible, cantankerous, unreasonable and given to hasty, hot language, but withal he is very diverting and entirely likeable. Betty inherits a large share of his carelessness, his forgetfulness, his irresponsibility, but her peculiarities are less extravagant, and instead of being any real drawback are really half her charm. Theirs is a wild and unconventional household, with nothing to keep it in something approaching order except the practical qualities of her elder sister Miriam. Of course, Betty with her bronze hair and her pretty waywardnesses has more than one lover—she has three of them—and one she greatly dislikes, and for a little she seems to hesitate between the other two, though, had she known her own heart, there was never any actual uncertainty. The love story of Dolly Lindsay, which comes so near to a tragic ending,

**Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, 1910.**
*Photo by C. Vandyk, 37, Buckingham Palace Road.*

threads in and out through the light and shadow of her own happy romance. The whole story wins and holds your interest irresistibly less by reason of its plot than because its characters are so thoroughly living and human. They are drawn easily and naturally, and the narrative is unfolded with a quiet humour, a tenderness and a lightness of touch that make it one of the pleasantest and most entertaining novels we have read for a long time.

**OUT OF THE NIGHT.** By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A night of impenetrable blackness, the rain descending in torrents, and a cold biting wind sweeping the countryside. Stumbling along in the darkness, lost, drenched, exhausted, Vernon Wilmot comes suddenly on a long, low house. At her knock there is "a minute of utter silence: a minute in which that house, and the March storm, and the wild night, seemed to hold their breath." Then there is a sound of voices, and chairs being pushed back, and the door is opened. It is not till long afterwards that Vernon discovers that her knock saved a man from marring his life. Mrs. Reynolds gives us some vivid pictures of "county life"; the character of Miss Tarlton being drawn with a skilful, and pitiless, pen. Miss Tarlton, whose life is "fenced about with ceremony" and etiquette, "was used as a book of reference by those who came into the neighbourhood, worthy of being received into the circle of the elect." The manner in which she revels in scandals and small-talk is, unfortunately, typical of a certain class. So select is she in her choice of acquaintances that she is very concerned when she finds that some people whom she deems infinitely below her in the social scale have been invited to a dinner-party that she is honouring with her presence. "You know the Trents, of Barrow End?" her hostess asks her. "Miss Tarlton looked as though her friend had said, 'You like pigwash, don't you?' 'I have heard of them,' she said, between set lips." The plot is cleverly constructed, and the characters—especially the hero and heroine—are admirably drawn throughout. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is to be greatly congratulated on this, the latest and perhaps the ablest of her books.

**DOWNWARD.** By Maud Churton Braby. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"Downward" contains a preface—ostensibly upon literary censorship—by Mr. Edward Garnett, which is no eulogium of the novel which it introduces. Mr. Garnett's criticism, in fact, seems to us rather unduly severe. Mercilessly he points out the extreme conventionality of the plot, and the very obvious inferiority of the first half of the book as compared with the second. He hints that the author has laid the paint a little thickly on her picture to serve her own purpose, and in this we cordially agree with him. He thinks that "Downward" will appeal only for its earnestness and its "true womanliness." We admit that these are the strongest points of the book's appeal, but we flatly deny Mr. Garnett's hint that it possesses little originality of style or artistic handling. It does, and it must; else it would have been unreadable, unspeakably distressing, and unutterably dull. It is none of these things. We found it, instead, an exceptionally difficult book to stop reading, and we were sorry when we had finished it. "Downward" is unusually frank and outspoken, but it is never for a moment indelicate. It addresses itself almost exclusively to men, and it will certainly give them much to think about. So convincing is the author's sincerity that it is the sort of book which might very possibly have an effect upon men's behaviour. We sincerely hope that it will.

**THE HUMAN COBWEB: A Romance of Old Peking.** By B. L. Putnam Weale. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The somewhat misleading sub-title of Mr. Putnam Weale's novel is derived from the fact that it deals chiefly with the Peking of the months immediately succeeding the cession of Port Arthur to the Russian Government. The first fifty pages or so, where the hero is shown in London society, uncertain as to which of two women it is with whom he is in love, have their *longueurs*, but after they have been read—or, as we advise, skipped—we believe that no reader will wish to put the book down. Peter Kerr is an engineer who has organised a great railway scheme by which he hopes to bring the whole of China under British influence. With an important financier at the back of him, he goes to Peking to see what concessions he can obtain. Here the novel becomes interesting, and soon enthralling. Probably it is the character of Lorenzo which occasions this change. This remarkable Italian concession-hunter is pictured with great force and conviction, and he seems to us undoubtedly to be the chief triumph of an unusually able novel. It is abundantly clear that Mr. Putnam Weale knows the Peking of his period from the inside, and his account of the intrigues and schemings of the various concession-hunters is of a most fascinating kind. Plot is of minor importance in such a novel, but we may mention that Kerr fails in his mission—evidently the author has made up his mind to stick to present-day facts—but that he devotes himself to "picking up all the wreckage he can" with much success. Also, he marries the right girl. "The Human Cobweb" is, we believe, Mr. Putnam Weale's first long novel, but whether or not this is the case, he is to be heartily congratulated upon an excellent piece of work which betrays no trace of the 'prentice hand.

**LIVE MEN'S SHOES.** By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)

Undoubtedly Mr. Richard Marsh is one of the most reliable of the numerous writers of sensational fiction. He seems always to be in a good temper, he writes with much swing and go, and he is up to all the tricks of his

trade. "Live Men's Shoes" is a particularly good example of his manner. Most sensational writers will open their tale with, say, a murder on page 1—and will follow it up with twenty pages or so of dull explanation. Not so Mr. Marsh. He is conventional in so far that he begins with an excitement; but there is no subsequent tailing off. He lets the reader know exactly what he wants to know about the principal characters, but no time is wasted upon them. The author prefers to keep going. From the beginning of the book, which describes the earthquake at Messina, through the mysteries of the Monks, the house which had belonged to his uncle, right up to the very complete happy ending, Percival Talbot (or, rather, the man who pretends to be Percival Talbot) carries the reader's attention with him. We venture to believe that nobody can help being diverted by Mr. Marsh's latest novel, which at least shows no falling off from the standard which that author has set himself.

**The City of Scent and Romance (Cologne).**
From "Jolly in Germany," by A. E. Copping. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

**EVE IN EARNEST.** By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

A satirical vein, quietly tolerant, often witty, never bitter, runs through the pages of "Eve in Earnest," providing a pertinent reminder of the frailty of human nature—a reminder which the impulsive reader, anxious to apportion without delay his likes and dislikes, will do well to keep in view. For the people he will meet have—Eve herself not excepted—the very human attribute of imperfection: they must not be judged on a short acquaintance. Eve Cornell is the daughter of a large-hearted, thoroughly unpractical author, who braves poverty and contempt in his efforts to complete a great work on the statesmen of England. At the house of her aunt, Lady Scaleby—a delightful character-study, by the way—Eve meets a self-satisfied young M.P., Gregory Arbuthnot, the idol of his mother, whose worship he accepts as no more than his due. He has qualities, however, strong, masculine qualities, which appeal to Eve, and she consents to marry him. Her true motive for this step is disclosed in a decidedly clever chapter wherein Mr. Cornell is rudely awakened to the fact that his daughter is sacrificing herself in order to rescue him from the squalid discomforts of his daily life, Eve having stipulated with Gregory that her father should live with them. The marriage takes place, and Mr. Cornell's disregard for the conventions and ceremonies of polite society soon produces friction in the household. Life under the critical eye of Gregory's mother becomes unbearable for the untidy little author, who flies to London, where he ultimately completes his book and achieves fame. A flirtation of her husband's with another woman is sufficient to justify Eve in following her father to London. In the battle of pride that ensues, Eve discovers her love for her husband, and Gregory realises that the bar to their happiness has been his insistent refusal to recognise his wife as a helpmate, or indeed as other than a mere pleasurable and beautiful acquisition. The bar removed, Eve returns, and a happier household is initiated. The minor characters are skilfully drawn; among them is the haunting figure of Mr. Horace Wilkins, a toady of Cornell's. Here is a picture of him: "He gulped once more at his glass with an unpleasing noise. His eyes were large and wet. To Mark, watching him intently with his nerves and senses strained to fierce tautness, it was as though this rather common old man, this shabby, drunken, degraded piece of Fleet Street wreckage, stood for the romance of all the great and tragic failures in the world's history." The story of Wilkins's death is a masterpiece of pathos.

**JOLLY IN GERMANY.** By Arthur E. Copping. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everybody who has read "Gotty and the Guv'ner"—and nobody who read it is likely to have forgotten it—will feel that it is an ample recommendation of "Jolly in Germany" to say that it is written by the same author. Mr. Jolly with his nephew and a whole Cook's tourist party sets out to see something of Germany, and Mr. Copping's record of that very eventful journey, both by reason of the things that happen and the manner of their relation, makes one of the most amusing of holiday books, for it is written throughout in the right high-spirited, irresponsible holiday mood. Wherever Mr. Jolly goes, laughter goes with him; sometimes the laughter of his companions, always the laughter of his readers. A good deal of the fun of the book arises from the idiosyncrasies of those companions of his, and from the sayings and doings of the miscellaneous people they meet by the way. There are fussy and fidgety persons in the party; but there are young men in it too, and more than one pretty girl; consequently among all the merriment you have a glamour of romance, so that you finish in the last chapter "on Cupid's trail." The humour of the whole thing is irresistible, and Mr. Will Owen's eighty or more delightfully characteristic sketches of the characters of the story and the scenes amidst which they disported themselves add immensely to the breezy jollity of it all.

**OUTLAND.** By Gordon Stairs. 6s. (John Murray.)

The conditions and the after-math of dreams and of most dream-literature are so often disagreeable that it is a pleasure to come across a book like "Outland," that is pure fantasy, and yet is so complete and refreshing in its illusion that although much of it, as of most dreams, must be taken for granted, its naturalness is never questioned. For let it be said at once that Outland is a dream-country, no more real than Maeterlinck's Land of Memory, or Samuel Butler's Erewhon. It might be anywhere, though from internal evidence we judge it to lie in this case in America. It is peopled with the Outliers, a brown-skinned, soft-speaking folk, who wear mocassins and wander through the redwoods leaving no traces behind them, and so completely at one with the earth and trees that they can obliterate themselves at will. Equally

vague and shadowy is the story itself, which tells of what is done in Outland as seen by two House Folk, Mona, a girl, the narrator, and Herman, a sociological professor. But if it lacks substance, it by no means lacks incident. There are kidnappings and reprisals, a buried treasure, and simple love-makings and superstitions; there is some wonderfully vivid word-painting; and there are some delightful characters—Ravenutzi, the singer of haunting songs; Trastevera, the chieftain's wife; and old Noche, who is just such another as John Splendid. Here in fact are all, and more than all, the elements of a good adventure story; and there is superadded that mystical note which is the touchstone of true romance. The whole book reads like a dream, dimly remembered and dimly set down in writing. As a veiled criticism of the life led by the House Folk (that is to say, ordinary people who dwell in towns) it may have a purpose. But that does not detract from its undoubted charm.

**QUAKER ROBINS.** By Wilfred L. Randell. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Randell has struck out a fresh line for himself with much success. He does not plunge the reader into bewildering mazes of "society" intrigue, as is the way with the majority of novel-writers nowadays, and his book is none the worse for that. Quaker Robins is an engine-driver in the service of the Great Southern Joint Railway Company, and his associates belong strictly to his own peculiar class. Mr. Randell has an intimate knowledge of the railway-man—evidently from personal acquaintance. His book reeks of the locomotive engine, and tells many a good tale of the devotion and courage of those neglected servants of the public—engine-drivers. "Quaker Robins" becomes less satisfactory when the author sees fit to introduce the conventional love-interest. In this case the love-story is so particularly straightforward that it was hardly worth the telling. It is none the worse for being straightforward; indeed, it is probably more lifelike—railway grimness does not extend beneath the surface—but it lacks point. It is a pity that, when an author to all intents and purposes has discovered an entirely fresh subject, it should be spoiled for the sake of an imaginary public who insist upon their "romance." Nevertheless, "Quaker Robins" is as engaging a book as we have read for some little time. It is well written, breezy, interesting, and, above all, it is new. We want some more books like it.

**LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY.** By Luciano Zuccoli. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

If the eleven sketches which comprise this volume are to be taken as indicative of their author's work as a whole, Signor Luciano Zuccoli must be a writer of very considerable talent. He has been fortunate in his translator, Miss Winifred Heaton's English version being of much merit, and he is fortunate also in having found a publisher willing to undertake the risk of producing a volume of short stories by a writer unknown in this country. These tales are just about as different from the English convention as they well could be. In this country it seems that magazine-readers are the only people who take any interest in the short story—and the magazine-reader wants something happy and romantic, and doesn't much mind whether it is like life or not. Signor Zuccoli's tales, on the other hand, are nothing more or less than transcripts from the life. He catches a mood and translates it to paper, as in "A Literary Morning," or with a grimly effective irony he allows his tale to work itself out, as in the story which gives to the book its title. One and all of the sketches are worth reading, and all are of a curiously equal merit. Here, in fact, is a collection which ought to interest the English public and which we hope they will appreciate.

**THE GODDESS GIRL.** By Dorothea Deakin. 6s. (Cassell.)

The main quarrel we have with Miss Deakin is over her title. Phillida Gale may have been as pretty and dainty as the picture on the cover represents her, but the heroine of the book is the delightful Sally, one of the most delicious and amusing young women whom it has been the reviewer's fortune to come across for many a month. The story is a fantasy of misunderstandings. Miss Gale flirts with a young gamekeeper, Harry, whom she supposes to be the owner of the property masquerading in humble attire; on discovering her mistake, she flings him over, but eventually discovers she is really in love with him. Sally becomes engaged to Giles, the gardener, and discovers that he is the wealthy son of a local magnate. The story twines together the love-episodes of the two girls, and Miss Deakin has bathed it in an atmosphere of delicate humour, especially when Sally's attempts at housekeeping, love-making, and parish-improvement are concerned. The grateful reviewer wants for the time being to have the Ancient Mariner's power of "stopping one of three," and persuading one out of every three who may read this journal to secure some hours of amusement and pleasure over the pages of "The Goddess Girl."

**IN THE WAKE OF THE GREEN BANNER.** By Eugene Paul Metour. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The opening scene of this North African novel is apt to give the reader an erroneous impression of Gisèle de Diolie, one of the two heroines of the story. Gisèle's relations with her young cousin, George Leyton, are not those of a lover or of a free-and-easy companion. Her heart is given eventually to a brave and skilful Corsican in the French army, Captain d'Ornano, who rescues her, after privation and danger, from the Moslem army and the tribes of the interior. The other girl in the book is a wild and passionate Circassian, Djeilma, who alternately ravels and disentangles the threads of the plot. The book is full of fighting and adventure. Mr. Metour has contrived to drench his pages with the colours of the North African interior; the French troops, and especially the Foreign Legion, are drawn by one who has been behind the scenes; and even the natives, like Sidi-Malik and Si-Hamza, do not seem lay-figures. The author has used the conflict of civilisations to excellent purpose, both in the women and in the men who crowd his canvas. Once or twice the story lingers, but as a whole it will give the jaded novel-reader some fresh sensations, and there are at least four moments of thrilling excitement in store for any one who hurries over the first two or three chapters.

**UNDER THE THATCH.** By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Under the Thatch," by the late Allen Raine, deals, as one would expect, with Welsh life. The plot is ingenious and the characters are drawn with great care and skill. Mrs. Owen falls from a ladder in her garden and injures her back. She lingers for a while, and is sometimes in terrible pain. On one occasion, when the pain is more severe than usual, she calls her daughter Barbara, and begs her not to keep her alive in such agony. "Have pity, and let me go," she cries. Barbara, who is passionately devoted to her mother, is seized with intense compassion. She knows that it is impossible for her mother ever to get better again, and that she will, sooner or later, die in one of these paroxysms so she answers in a firm voice, as a sense of giant strength fills her heart, "Yes, darling, I *will* let you go," and, seizing the phial of liquid left by the doctor, pours out an overdose, and gives it to her mother. She knows that even a half-teaspoonful of the mixture will be fatal, yet she is fully convinced, at the time and afterwards, that she has done the best, the kindest, and the right thing. What happens to Barbara, and what becomes of the person who finds out what she has done, keep the reader irresistibly interested to the end of the book.

XUM

**SCARLET KISS.** By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. 6s. (Laurie.)

Mrs. Wentworth-James is a smart and effective writer, and her latest novel is in no way inferior to those which have preceded it, even though it marks no great advance upon them. The author has something of a weakness for naughty titles, as witness "The Wild Widow," "Red Love," and "Pink Purity," but this hardly extends beyond the title. "Scarlet Kiss" has for heroine Delia Strevven, "a degenerate woman who drifted," editor of a low-class paper named *Home Comfort*. She is a spinster, nearing thirty, and, as the author says, "to be a woman is bad enough, to be a woman of nearly thirty is worse, and to be an unmarried woman of nearly thirty is worst of all." Accordingly Miss Strevven is an exceptionally dangerous person for a bachelor to meet, and, indeed, before she has reached the fatal age she has ensnared Dr. Laffan into marriage. However, this hardly satisfies her, for she has little sympathy with her husband, and by no means settles down to a quiet, uneventful married life. There are some dramatic situations towards the end of the book, which is written throughout with an energetic sparkle, and we can recommend it to those of our readers who are looking for something with which to while away an hour's boredom.

**MARGARET HOLROYD.** By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is hard to decide whether "Margaret Holroyd" is a long story divided into episodes, or a series of connected short stories. The first chapter introduces us to Margaret Holroyd, a wealthy, cultured woman, who has lived for many years on her estate, looking after her tenants and the affairs of her own little world; she is a thoughtful woman, very just, and greatly respected in the West Riding; not keenly interested in politics, but taking an intelligent, though slight, interest in passing events of the day. Then a great wrong looms on her horizon, and is, on the day the story opens, pressed home. She is struck by the injustice of the fact that three of her menservants go into town to record their votes at a by-election, exercising a privilege which is denied to her. She drives into the town while the election is going on, and comes across a woman speaking, to a crowd of villagers, in favour of the Woman's Cause. Although "all the traditions and tenets of Miss Holroyd's well-ordered life" are "antagonistic to the new creed," she is suddenly awakened to the justice of it, and realises with shame that she has "lived too long in ignorance of the condition under which so many thousands of her sisters lived—that she had never used the gifts so richly bestowed upon her for other than selfish ends, that all her charity, her vaunted kindness of heart, were puny things not worthy of the name. She awakened as in a flash to a sense of her responsibility. In a word, she was pledged to the Woman's Cause." The third chapter switches right away from Margaret Holroyd and we meet three other characters whose lives are altered by the Woman's Cause. This chapter is just like a short story, and the three people concerned in it do not appear in the book again. The author has allowed a half-hearted note to creep into the latter part of the tale, and although her readers may regret this, it is useless to deny that it is but natural for some of the workers to weary and drop out of the movement, and some of them to think it is not yet time for women to gain their rights. So sensibly and earnestly is the book written, and with such a compelling narrative power, that it cannot but interest all thinking men and women.

**Mrs. G. de S. Wentworth-James.**

**THE LANTERN OF LUCK.** By Robert Aitken. 6s. (Murray.)

Casado, the rascally president of Nicazuela in South America, has one redeeming feature: he is the father of a charming daughter, Doña Carmen. The American millionaires, who attempt to carry off Casado's treasure in order to cover their own peculations, are as corrupt as their victim, but one of them, Eustace Gildersleeve, is the guardian of Miss Eileen Saxilby, whose lover is financially crippled in the opening chapter of the novel. How Ingersoll and his friend Tommy pursue Gildersleeve, who has carried off Eileen, how the tangle of villainy is cleared up, and how the lovers are sorted out—is this not all written in Mr. Aitken's entertaining pages? The successful result is largely due to a third heroine, Saleh Harez, the quick-witted ward of Captain Dove, the said captain being singularly misfitted with a name. Mr. Aitken has done better work in the short story than in the long novel. Still, the book is thoroughly readable, and it is so well provided with villains who are at cross-purposes that the reader has never a moment to feel jaded.

# The Bookman's Table.

**SONGS OF THE ARMY OF THE NIGHT.** By Francis Adams. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

The smooth and polite qualities of literature are not the concern of Francis Adams. He undoubtedly had the power of exact and forceful expression, as those who are familiar with his remarkable autobiographical novel, "A Child of the Age," and his far-seeing "Essays in Modernity" know. His "Songs of the Army of the Night" burn with a tragic wrath and hate which turn his baldest lines into flames and swords; yet, running through these hot songs, there is a note of infinite pity, especially in the face of death, which at times rings them up to a pitch of genuine lyric beauty, as in the little memory-song "Elsie":

> "Like a flower you grew
> While life's bright sun shone.
> Does the greedy spendthrift earth
> Heed a flower is gone?"

But mere beauty is very far from his aim. He burns with the passion of human love, and the sufferings of the lowly ones of our civilisation fill him with fierce anger. This little volume ranks with those historic humanitarian verse-cycles, the "Corn Law Rhymes" and "Songs of the Governing Classes"; and if Adams lacks the religious fervour of Elliott and the sardonic humour and satiric sense of Brough, he has, in place of these, a tragic quality which they never reached. He realises the inner fatality of every phase of social suffering. Civilisation for him is a gloomy nightmare. Yet he is not without religion. Underlying the bitterest expression of his revolt against modern social conditions there is a note of hope and faith. He denounces the mock-religion of the oppressor of humanity. The finest poem in the volume, "The Mass of Christ," is steeped in something very like mystical fervour; yet here and there it harks back to that stinging criticism of life which makes one wince in such poems as "The New Locksley Hall" and "Holy Russia." Few English poems of revolt have quite the same fire as "In Trafalgar Square," and

there is a unique realistic pathos about "One among so many." This edition of the "Songs of the Army of the Night" may be looked upon as definitive; it is edited by Mr. Henry S. Salt, the friend of Adams, who did a similar service for the now scarce edition of 1894, and readers of Adams will be glad to know that he has followed out the poet's original intention by including in its destined place the admirable but little known "Mass of Christ."

**THE COURT OF WILLIAM III.** By E. and M. S. Grew. 15s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

William III. is not, perhaps, the most inspiring of monarchs. On the surface, he seems merely a weakly and taciturn Dutchman, fully possessed, certainly, of the solid virtues of his nation, but entirely lacking in inspiration and fire. "He lacked the art of popularity," say the authors of this interesting study, and "he remained to the last mistrusted and misunderstood." It is not, indeed, surprising that William's personality made no popular appeal. He seems to have been cursed with a faculty for inflicting petty annoyances upon his subjects. For instance, on his arrival at St. James's "it happened to be a very rainy day, and yet great numbers came to see him. But after they had stood long in the wet, he disappointed them; for he who neither loved shows nor shoutings went through the Park, and even this trifle helped to set people's spirits on the fret." Later he found that his health would not permit him to live at Whitehall, and his removal to Hampton Court not only affronted the citizens of London, but imposed a heavy expense upon them in order to make that palace suitable for a royal residence. Queen Mary, too, though naturally of a sober and religious disposition, made a bad slip when she first appeared in Whitehall, "laughing and jolly as at a wedding, so as to seem quite transported." Seeing that her husband had just driven her father from the country by force of arms, it was thought that she should have been grave, and should have shown a sense of the solemnity of the occasion. As a matter of fact, she was acting a part in accordance with the wish of her husband. Yet it is a truism to say that, in reality, William III. was one of the best and wisest kings that England has ever had. It was owing to his genius that this country was at last able, after a lapse of nearly a hundred years, once more to take that position in European affairs which was her due. It was, chiefly, owing to William that the country was able to shake off the semi-anarchy of the later years of the Stuarts, and it was in his reign that religious tolerance was completely assured. "The Court of William III." will make a wide appeal, not only for the excellent character-sketches, to which it is mainly devoted, of the prominent politicians of the day, among whom may be mentioned Halifax the Trimmer, Wharton, Somers, Sunderland, and Shrewsbury, but for the instructive bird's-eye view which it supplies of one of the most interesting periods of English politics. The authors have done their work thoroughly and well, and present fresh material in the shape of letters from the Duke of Portland's collection which display the remarkable intimacy which for a time existed between Bentinck, first Earl of Portland, and William III.

**William III.**

From the engraving of Wissing's Portrait in the British Museum.
From "The Court of William III.," by E. and M. S. Grew. (Mills & Boon.)

**ON FADS.** By Lady Grove. (Chapman & Hall.) 5s. net.

Lady Grove evidently thinks that the time has come to talk of many things and, though she lacks something of the wayward fancy of the walrus, her range of subjects is pretty wide. She calls her book "On Fads," which seems an inadequate title for the vade mecum she has produced. For, indeed, she has taken the conduct of life as her special subject and has already no small reputation as a philosopher. It is true that she is not of the subversive school. She does not create new values. She rarely says, even, what has not been said many times before. Sometimes one may spy a platitude among her pronouncements. But many a platitude is compact both of wisdom and verity. We have too many subtleties in these days, and it is refreshing to find a writer who is not ashamed of being obvious. It is (be it whispered) far pleasanter to read what one can understand than what one cannot. Utterances from the depths are often but the reverberations of stones against the walls of a bottomless pit. Lady Grove keeps to the surface of life, which is, after all, an extremely important side of it. Occasionally she makes little excursions into the subsoil, where her readers may follow her without the dangers and with all the delight of participation in more serious mining adventures. For she writes mainly, one imagines, for those who are not in the habit of grubbing even in the subsoil, people who find the surface good enough, but who (Lady Grove thinks) would be none the worse for a little mild exercise in the art of thinking. So she discourses in her pleasant way of ethics, of literature, and of social life. Religion, education, humour, plays, sex, hostesses, the "right thing," women's clubs, are, at random, a few of her themes. The burning question of women's suffrage, her interest in which is so well known, is touched on more than once, and if she does not wander into the wilderness of speculation, she defines just those things about which most people do not take the trouble to think, and runs many a tilt at antiquated but still prevalent prejudices.

# Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

A volume full of thought and warning is that by William Frederick Osborne, M.A., **The Faith of a Layman** (3s. 6d.). He calls his chapters "Studies in the Recoil from a Professionalised Religion," and taking Professor Rauschenbusch's book as what might be called his text, the author writes very plain words about the Church and its ways to-day. He points out deadening influences and deplorable anomalies. The book is an expression of personal opinion set forth in modern and popular style.

**Margaret the Peacemaker**, by Walter Wood (6s.), is a novel which reveals a good deal of lively knowledge of the workings of a cloth mill. The first chapter finds the heroine, Margaret Willis, freshly bereaved by the death of her father; she is brave and impulsive, and to keep her mother and herself from want she decides to go to work as a mill-hand in the building where her father had worked as a valued clerk. The gruff mill-owner admires her pluck, and he and the girl become drawn together in many ways. Socialism plays an important part throughout the book, to be shown all fallacious in the long run. There is a fair share of love to soften the labour in the story.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mr. Harry Graham professes to have written the very volume needed by sufferers from insomnia, and he has called it **The Bolster Book** (6s.) that there may be no mistake about it. "Every chapter has been chosen solely as an aid to slumber." It would, of course be rude to contradict a gentleman, but for the benefit of all who do not suffer from insomnia we may state that the book is just the one to keep one awake, if wakefulness is desirable. It provides an unbroken sequence of titters. It treats of persons, places, and things. It tells of everything, so to speak, and of nothing, with equal felicity There is only one person for whom this volume would not prove a pleasant tonic, and that is the extremely "superior" person. But for the reader who is not too "superior," the one who is able to enjoy a pantomime when it is in season, who does not wish at the moment to read of the latest discoveries in science, philosophy, or politics, and who has a spare hour either from sleep or toil, this is the book.

MESSRS. MOWBRAY & CO.

Messrs. Mowbray's publications have always the merit of being useful or timely, or both. Among their latest issues is a small volume which will prove a most acceptable help to Sunday-school teachers and all who have the care of children. This is **Outlines of Lessons for the use of Sunday-School Teachers** (9d. net). The lessons are upon the history of Christ's life on earth, by the late Rev. A. G. Stallard, who wrote them for his own Sunday-school teachers. The history, which concludes with the final rejection of Christ by the Jews, is dealt with lucidly and in a manner full of interest and suggestion. Another volume, **The Hours of Prayer** (3s. 6d. net), is "in the main an English rendering of the day hours from the famous Salisbury or Sarum diocesan breviary. . . . The principle has been followed of adapting this material to present-day devotional needs by means of selection, free translation, enrichment from other liturgical sources, and some simplifying and abbreviation." It is a beautiful compilation; its hymns, prayers, psalms, and entirely devotional thought making it an admirable companion-book. The type is excellent and the kalendar and several tables are useful and informative.

Canon Holmes has issued an attractive booklet dealing with the history of **The Chalice** (6d. net and 1s. net). He tells of many individual chalices and includes eight illustrations of the beautiful and famous cups.

A new volume of "The English Churchman's Library" is entitled **Holy Marriage** (1s. net), by Canon Newbolt. It is, in substance, four lectures delivered to men during Lent, 1909. The chapters contain a wise blending of the ideal and the practical and form a helpful addition to the series.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

A booklet full of facts and warnings, good sense, and advice has been issued by the above Society. It is called simply enough **Wilful Waste**, by Robert J. Parr (6d. net), and the waste spoken of is that of child life. Within the last thirty years an astonishing amount of good work has been done in Britain towards abolishing and ameliorating suffering for children; Acts of Parliament and public opinion have worked wonders. But even now infant mortality, suffering, and degeneracy are subjects which appal by their frequency. Cruelty has to a great extent been checked, that is to say, active cruelty; but the cruelty to the nation and the individual which lies in the increase of diseased and feeble-minded children is enormous. Mr. Parr writes of the evil in its many forms, and of the nation's responsibility in the matter. There has always been much to be said for the opinion which many of us have held, that to teach children in the schools cleanliness, honesty, and good manners would be far better and more important than to teach them ancient history and the violin, for instance, and this booklet confirms the opinion. The lessons of cleanliness, honesty, and good manners have as their result self-restraint and self-respect, and Mr. Parr shows us the urgent need for these things as well as many others, and he calls upon the nation to see to the matter.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN & SONS.

One of the most fascinating folio books which has come our way lately is **The Espérance Morris Book**, by Mary Neal (5s.). It is a "Manual of Morris Dances, Folk-Songs, and Singing Games." It gives the history of many dances and instructions how to dance them; of singing games the same. It gives words and music of many an old song and game, and interesting chapters, some charmingly discursive, and some entirely practical. Photographs are included of children and adults at their dance and play, of old Berkshire dancers who came and taught the children. The volume is a medley of delight, most interesting in itself, and an inspirer of much gaiety.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

You cannot live over thirty years among public libraries without gaining some amusing experience, as well as knowledge of human nature. Mr. David Cuthbertson in his new volume, **Thirty-three Years' Adventures in Bookland** (4s. 6d. net), proves that he has gained a good deal of both. His book, however, is not entirely made up of library reminiscences. His chapters are delightful gossips of his years in "bookland" which include years of studentship too. Anecdotes and wise hints brighten his pages and make them useful, and his volume is a very attractive one for a bookman's odd hours.

W. BUDD & CO.

To the beauties of Japanese writing we have become well accustomed, but from the Chinese we usually expect more of hard wisdom than of poetry. Mr. Clifford Bax, for our pleasure and enlightenment, has, however, paraphrased **Twenty Chinese Poems** (2s. 6d. net), and lovers of Eastern beauty of thought and of scene should not pass them by. They are the poetry of men who lived three hundred years ago "in and around the strange old city of Canton," and their beauty and tenderness, their colour and freshness of phrase are noticeable. We should like to quote many a line to prove the charm of this volume, but the poems are too delicately blended to bear division. Mr. Bax tells in an Introduction of the guide, Tsutomi Inoüyë, who translated these old poems to him. Four illustrations in colour by Mr. A. Bowmar-Porter are included.

# New Books of the Month.

FROM MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

**THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.**

Christ and Civilisation. Edited by Rev. J. B. Paton, D.D., Sir P. W. Bunting, M.A., and Rev. E. E. Garvie, D.D. (National Council of Evangelical Free Churches)

GRUBB, EDWARD, M.A.—Notes on the Life and Teaching of Jesus. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net ..(James Clarke & Co.)

HOLMES, R. E. E.—The Chalice. 6d. net and 1s. net (Mowbray)

KARADJA, PRINCESS.—The Esoteric Meaning of the Seven Sacraments .....(Wooderson, 41, Great Russell St.)

KING, EDWARD, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, 1885-1910.—Meditations on the Last Seven Words. 6d. net and 1s. net .....(Mowbray)

NEWBOLT, REV. W. C. E.—Holy Marriage. Lectures to Men. 1s. net.....(Mowbray)

OSBORNE, W. F., M.A.—The Faith of a Layman. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)

PERRYCOSTE, FRANK HILL, B.Sc.—Ritual, Faith, and Morals. 3s. 6d. net .....(Watts & Co.)

Pope Xystus, The Ring of. Now first rendered into English, with an Historical and Critical Commentary by F. C. Conybeare, M.A. 4s. 6d. net (Williams & Norgate)

Prayer, The Hours of. From Lauds to Compline. Compiled from the Sarum Breviary and other Rites. 3s. 6d. net (Mowbray)

ROBERTS, GRIFFITH, M.A.—Salvation Through Atonement. 2s. 6d. net .....(Mowbray)

SCHURÉ, EDOUARD.—Rama and Moses. . . The Aryan Circle and Mission of Israel. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. 2s. 6d. net .....(Rider)

S. J. C.—The Ministry of Angels. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)

STALLARD, A. G., M.A.—Outlines of Lessons for the Use of Sunday-School Teachers, on the History of Our Lord's Earthly Life. 9d. net .....(Mowbray)

WILSON, REV. ROBERT J., D.D.—Before the Altar. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)

WINGFIELD, F. SWAIN.—The Prayer Book in Private Devotion .....(Jarrold)

NEW EDITION.

SPURGEON, REV. C. H.—Sermons. 1s. net .....(Nelson)

# *New Books from the House of Cassell*

## PURITANISM AND ART

AN ENQUIRY INTO A POPULAR FALLACY BY JOSEPH CROUCH, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.

Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, **12/6** net. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 15 full-page Plates showing examples of the work of Raphael, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Constable, Gainsborough, and other Masters. It is the first real attempt that has been made to justify Puritanism in its attitude towards art.

The Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P., says:—"The author of this book has done a piece of work which has long been awaiting a master workman." *Prospectus Post Free.*

### MORNING STAR 6/-

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

"A long succession of exciting episodes which introduce the reader to the mysteries of Old Egypt. 'Morning Star' is a great queen, a heroine conceived and drawn in Mr. Haggard's famous early style, and the story shows his old mastery over scenes of battle and of mystery."—*The Bookman.*

### WHO SHALL JUDGE? 3/6

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

A powerful story of a wrong inflicted by deception, and the ill results to the wrongdoers. Mr. Hocking has built up a fascinating story, and the varying fortunes of two boys are narrated with his usual force and vigour.

### AT THE CALL OF HONOUR

BY A. W. MARCHMONT 6/-

"At the Call of Honour" is a story of love and intrigue, and readers will follow with unflagging interest the extraordinary adventures of Ralph Anstable and of the two women who love him. Mr. Marchmont tells his story in the vigorous arresting manner which has contributed so largely to his fame.

### THE LAND OF LONG AGO

By ELIZA CALVERT HALL 6/-

The many enthusiastic admirers of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" will greet with pleasure this new volume of Aunt Jane's reminiscences of her younger days. Like the former book, "The Land of Long Ago" presents a delightful picture of life in Kentucky—the real charm and spirit of the old-time country folk.

*Other New Novels Now Ready*

**A Girl from the South** CHARLES GARVICE
**The Road Back** SIDNEY WARWICK
**The Mystery of Barry Ingram** ANNIE S. SWAN

***At all Libraries and Booksellers*** **CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, LONDON, E.C.**

# OUR HOMES

"IF ever in this country the house beautiful should cease to be an exception and become the rule, Mr. Shaw Sparrow," says the *Glasgow Herald*, "will have had more than a little share in bringing about that most desirable reform." His latest book, "Our Homes and How to Make the Best of Them," is beautifully illustrated both in colour and black and white. "It is," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "cheap as to price, attractive as to appearance, and full of ideas and good advice." "Those about to found a home may find in Mr. Sparrow's pages as much as may be learned in any school other than that of experience."—*Outlook*.

## OUR HOMES AND HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THEM.

By W. SHAW SPARROW

:: :: With Plates in Colour and Numerous Illlustrations. Price 7/6 net :: ::

HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON

**FICTION.**

ADAMS, FRANCIS.—A Child of the Age. 1s. net (John Lane)
ATHERTON, GERTRUDE.—Tower of Ivory. 6s. ..(Murray)
AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Outsiders—and In. 6s. .....(Chatto)
BANERJEA, S. B.—Tales of Bengal. Edited by Francis Henry Skrine. 3s. net .....(Longmans)
BARR, AMELIA E.—The Hands of Compulsion. 6s. (Cassell)
BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN.—A Splendid Heritage. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Helen with the High Hand. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—A Winnowing. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BISS, GERALD.—The Fated Five. 6s. .....(Greening)
BODIE, WALFORD.—Harley the Hypnotist. 1s. net (Pearson)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Mystery of the Clasped Hands. 1s. net ..... (Newnes)
BRABY, MAUD CHURTON.—Downward: A "Slice of Life." 6s. .....(Werner Laurie)
BRADLEY, SHELLAND.—The Adventures of an A.D.C. 6s. .....(John Lane)
BRANDANE, JOHN.—My Lady of Aros. 6s. .....(Pitman)
BRIGHOUSE, J. H.—With Unseen Lips. 1s. 6d. net (Stockwell)
CHANNON, E. M.—A Street Angel. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
CHARTRES, A. VIVANTI.—The Devourers. 6s. (Heinemann)
CHURCHILL, WINSTON.—A Modern Chronicle. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
COOPER, EDWARD H.—A Newmarket Squire. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
COPPING, ARTHUR E.—Jolly in Germany. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
DAWE, CARLTON.—A Saint in Mufti. 6s. ..(Eveleigh Nash)
DE PRATZ, CLAIRE.—The Education of Jacqueline. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
DONOVAN, DICK.—For Honour or Death. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
ELLIS, BETH.—The King's Spy. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
FLOWERDEW, HERBERT.—The Second Elopement. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
FRANCIS, M. E.—The Wild Heart. 6s. .....(Smith, Elder)
FRESHFIELD, FRANCES HEATH.—At all Hazards: A Story of the English Revolution. 6s. (G. Allen & Sons)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—A Girl from the South. 6s. (Cassell)
GLENDON, GEORGE.—The Emperor of the Air. 6s. (Methuen)
GOULD, NAT.—The Roarer. 1s. net .....(John Long)
GRAHAM, HARRY.—The Bolster Book. 6s. ..(Mills & Boon)
HINE, MURIEL.—Half in Earnest. 6s. .....(John Lane)
HOLMES, GORDON.—By Force of Circumstances. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
KING, ALIX.—The Romance of a Monk. 6s. ....(Rebman)
LARKING, COLONEL CUTHBERT.—Tangled Relations. 6s. .....(Eveleigh Nash)
LEIGHTON, ROBERT.—Kiddie of the Camp. 1s. net (Pearson)
LETCH, GERTRUDE.—Joan Harcourt. 6s. ..(H. J. Drane)
LITTLE, M.—At the Sign of the Burning Bush. 6s. (Chatto & Windus)
MERRY, ANDREW.—The Hunger. 6s. .....(Melrose)
MITFORD, BERTRAM.—Ravenshaw of Rietholme. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
MOTT, LAWRENCE.—Prairie, Snow and Sea. 6s. (John Murray)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—Petticoat Government 6s. (Hutchinson)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Mystery of the Green Heart. 6s. (Methuen)
POCOCK, ROGER.—The Chariot of the Sun. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Romance of Mademoiselle Aissé. 6s. .....(John Long)
RAMSEY, OLIVIA.—The Romance of Olga Aveling. 6s. (John Long)
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—Out of the Night. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
"RITA."—That is to Say ——. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
SCHURÉ, EDOUARD.—The Priestess of Isis. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. 3s. 6d. net.....(Rider & Son)
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.—The Drums of War. 6s. (John Murray)
SYRETT, NETTA.—Olivia L. Carew. 6s. .....(Chatto)
THEOBALD, C. M.—Bagatelles. 3s. 6d. .....(H. J. Drane)
TROTTER, MAX, M.D.—Foiled by a Girl, and Other Stories. 2s. 6d. net .....(Stockwell)
TROUBRIDGE, LADY.—The Woman who Forgot. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
TYNAN, KATHARINE.—Betty Carew. 6s. ...(Smith, Elder)
VON SZCZEPANSKI, PAUL.—The Prussian Cadet: Letters from a Cadet to his Mother; and A Story of Cadet Life. By Ernst Von Wildenbruch. Translated by W. D. Lowe, Litt.D., M.A. 3s. 6d. net....(Routledge)
WAINEMAN, PAUL.—The Wife of Nicholas Fleming. 6s. (Methuen)
WARWICK, SIDNEY.—The Road Back. 6s .....(Cassell)
WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT.—The King's Highway. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
WENTWORTH-JAMES, G. DE S.—Scarlet Kiss. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
WHISPER, A.—King and Captive. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
WOOD, WALTER.—Margaret the Peacemaker. 6s. ..(Cassell)

NEW EDITIONS.

JAMES, ADA and DUDLEY.—Stolen Honey. 6d. (Stanley Paul)
PUGH, EDWIN.—The Enchantress. 1s. net...(John Milne)
THURSTON, KATHERINE CECIL.—John Chilcote, M.P. 1s. net .....(Blackwood)
WALES, HUBERT.—Hilary Thornton. 1s. net (John Long)

**POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.**

BAX, CLIFFORD.—Twenty Chinese Poems, Paraphrased. With Illustrations in Colour. 2s. 6d. net (Budd & Co., Hampstead)
BURR, GRAHAM.—Night's Pilgrimage, or The End of Papist Tyranny .....(Unwin Bros.)
COLE, G. D. H.—Poems. 1s. net .....(Walter Scott Co.)
CONVERSE, FLORENCE.—A Masque of Sybils.....(Dent)
CORNFORD, FRANCES.—Poems. ..(Priory Press, Hampstead; Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge)
FLECKER, JAMES ELROY.—Thirty-Six Poems. 5s. net (The Adelphi Press)
GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON.—Daily Bread. 2 Vols. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net each .....(Elkin Mathews)
HOOKHAM, PAUL.—Echoes. 2s. 6d. net (Horser & Storey, Oxford)
JERSEY, THE COUNTESS OF.—Poems and Hymns for Young Children. 2s. .....(Wells Gardner)
KIMPTON, EDITH M.—Cousin's Young Man. An Original Play. 6d. net .....(Sonnenschein)
L'ESPÉRANCE.—The Vision of Love's Fair City, and Other Poems. 2s. 6d. net .....(Kegan Paul)
MASEFIELD, JOHN.—The Tragedy of Pompey the Great. 3s. 6d. net .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
MASON, THOMAS HOWITT.—The Rosary. 1s. 6d. net (Melrose)
MATSON, FLORENCE MAY.—Treasures, and Other Poems. 6d. net .....(Stockwell)
NEAL, MARY.—The Espérance Morris Book. 5s. (Curwen & Sons)
ST. CLARE, ADELAIDE.—The Greater Love, and Other Plays. 1s. 6d. net .....(H. J. Drane)
VISIAK, E. H.—Buccaneer Ballads. 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
WILLIAMSON, J. REDFEARN.—A Song of Brave Women. 6d. net .....(Sherratt & Hughes)

NEW EDITIONS.

BROWNING, ROBERT.—Men and Women, 1855. 2s. 6d. net (Frowde)
DANTE ALIGHIERI.—The Purgatorio. Rendered into English Verse by A. L. Money. 1s., 2s. net (G. Allen & Sons)
Horace, The Odes of. Rendered into English, with other Verses and Translations by Francis Law Latham, M.A. 6s. net .....(Smith, Elder)
SHAKESPEARE.—The Tempest, Henry V., The Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet. The "Era" Edition. 6 vols. 8d. net each .....(T. C. & E. C. Jack)
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.—The Works of. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. 6s. .....(Routledge)

**CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES.**

Antiquary, The. Vol. XLV. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. (Elliot Stock)
CUTHBERTSON, DAVID.—Thirty-Three Years' Adventures in Bookland. 4s. 6d. net .....(Elliot Stock)
ELLIOT, LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. FITZWILLIAM.—Further Essays on Border Ballads. 3s. 6d. net (Elliot, Edinburgh)
FARRIE, HUGH.—Highways and Byways in Literature. 5s. net .....(Williams & Norgate)
GROVE, LADY.—On Fads. 5s. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
Isis, The Burden of. Translated from the Egyptian, with an Introduction by James Teackle Dennis. 1s. net (John Murray)
Lowly Estate, The. 5s. net .....(Melrose)
SARCEY, YVONNE.—The Road to Happiness. Translated by Constance Williams. 3s. 6d. net .....(Melrose)
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—New Thought Common Sense. 4s. 6d. net .....(Gay & Hancock)
WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD.—The Inspiration of Poetry. 5s. net .....(Macmillan)

NEW EDITIONS.

BROOKE, STOPFORD A.—Studies in Poetry. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth)
LEE, VERNON.—Althea: Dialogues on Aspirations and Duties. 3s. 6d. net .....(John Lane)

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Some Fountain Pens are meteors, flashing the world of writers with a confusing tale of mere assertion, but the fixed and brilliant qualities of Waterman's Ideal are founded on permanent merits which have been tested and proven.

Prices: **10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, 25/-, 35/-,** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Booklet, post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York, 173, Broadway; Paris, 6, Rue de Hanovre; Vienna, I. Franzensring 20; Milan, Via Bossi 4; Dresden, Pragerstrasse 6; Brussels, 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.)

Ask your Stationer to show you Waterman's Ideal Safety and Pump-Filling Pens—**12/6** and upwards.

## Over 50 Styles of Roll-Top and Flat-Top Desks from which to choose.

A Roll-Top Desk is a great convenience for either business or private use—more often than not it is an absolute necessity. The Globe-Wernicke model shown above possesses all the qualities which a first-class desk *should* possess. It is compact, convenient, and handsome; it is well-made; and it offers the maximum of storing capacity by reason of the skilful planning of the interior. This Desk will be found quite adequate for all the demands made upon it, and it is very reasonable in price, too.

**Packing Free.** Orders of £2 **Carriage Paid** to any Goods Station in the **British Isles.** Send for Catalogue **18 D**, free from

**The Globe-Wernicke Co.**

*Office and Library :: Furnishers.*

**44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**
**82, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.**
**61, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, E.C.**

# DO YOU ASPIRE

## To Become an Author or Journalist?

If you do, then we can tell you how to make the best use of your talents, how to avoid the heartache of returned MSS., how to "get there" by the shortest route.

Naturally it takes some time to find your proper groove, the channel most suited to your particular bent, but if you have ability we say unhesitatingly "it can be done." You want to serve a short "Apprenticeship" under our guidance. We say short advisedly, because the very Newness of Discovered Genius finds a ready market if directed into the proper channel.

It may be that you have a special aptitude for essay writing; perhaps you are a correspondent whose letters confer the greatest pleasure on the recipient; in either case there is the possibility of turning your gift to the very best account. Do so, get advice from those who can advise from experience.

***Let us advise you. Send a note to-day to***

**THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE,**
**(Room 50),**
**9 Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.**

## L&C Hardtmuth's "KOH-I-NOOR" PENCILS

### The Artist

Buys a Koh-I-Noor Pencil because it gives him the lightest of tones to the richest and deepest of shades; because it contains no grit to scratch the surface of the paper; because its touch is the touch of velvet; and because one Koh-I-Noor outlasts SIX of the common kind.

Koh-I-Noor Pencils are not for artists alone—they are for every one who uses pencils. They are made in 17 degrees—one for every purpose. Buy one for yourself to-day and realise what pencil perfection does mean.

**4d. each or 3/6 per doz. Of Stationers, etc. Send for list to L. & C. Hardtmuth, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Milan, Brussels, New York.)**

## Koh-I-Noor Rubber Bands

Always insist on having the KOH-I-NOOR Rubber Bands—best in quality and last longest.